★ July 15, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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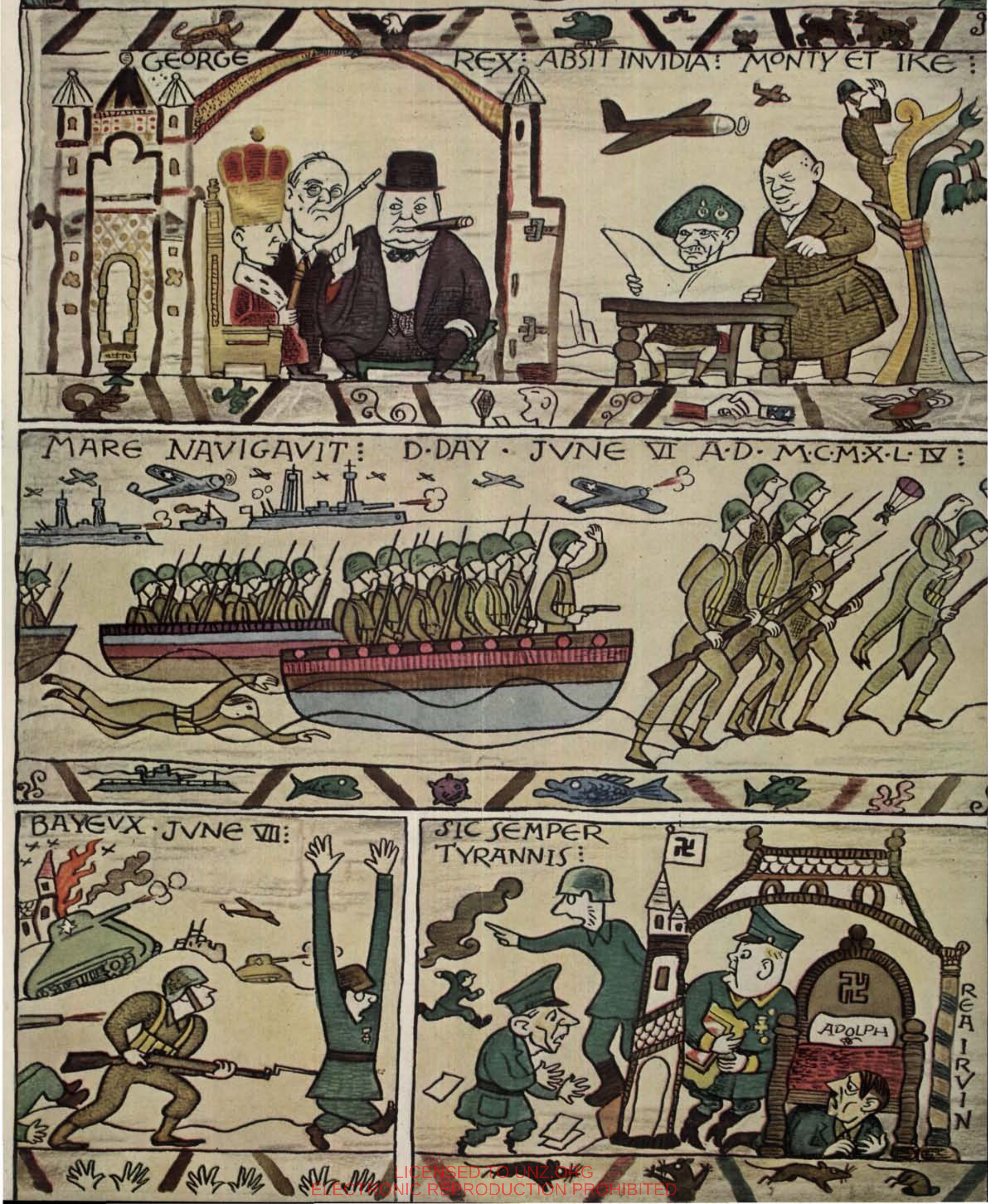
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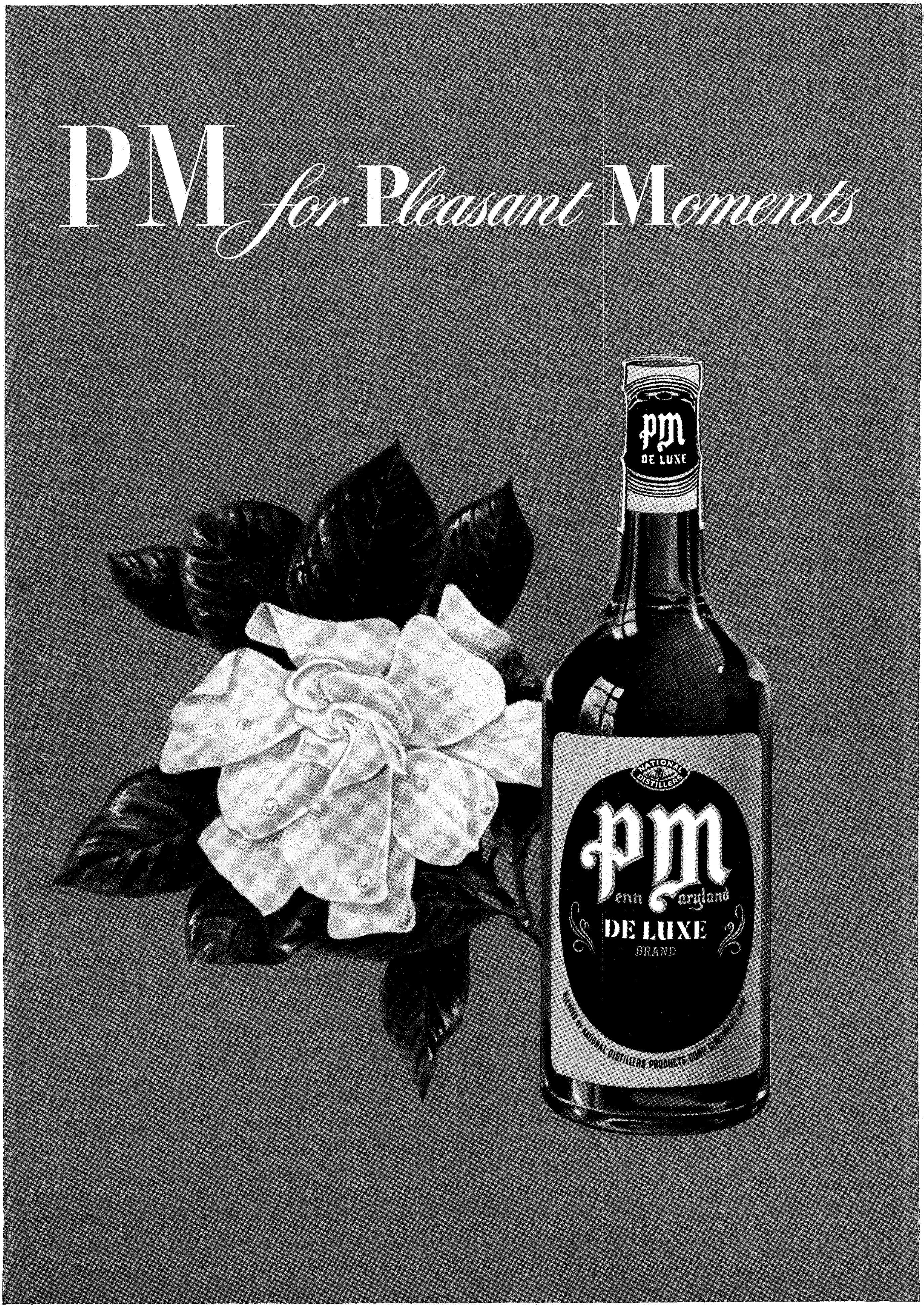
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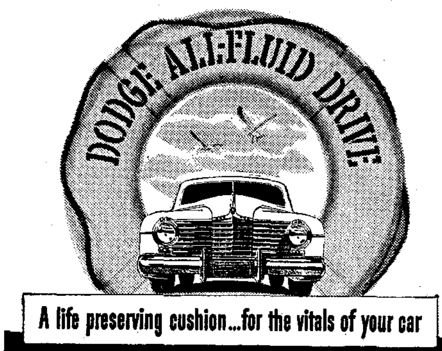
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 22.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior Victorian thriller, now in its third year, by the author of "Rope's End." Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast includes Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted but still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Claudia Morgan, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Fri. Eves. at 9; other Eves., except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—Quite a lot of new minds have collaborated with Offenbach on this revival of "La Belle Hélène," and the result may be a little untidy. The music, however, is lovely, and attractive people like Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex ornament the cast. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. at 2:35 and Sun. at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Show—Hazel Scott, Pearl Primus, Canada Lee, and many others, in a program for the United Negro College Fund: Sun., July 16, at 2:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant, summery room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Burl Ives, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Life in a boiler factory, with a rambling show headed by Bert Wheeler; Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very pretty in its new summer dress. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Through Sat., July 15, when the Persian Room closes for the summer, Hildegarde will sing prankishly at dinner and supper, and Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band will play for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a romantic summer vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, offers Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks at home. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's band plays for dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof; after the theatre, there's a trio of acrobats (don't look at *us*) as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Blue Angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with bright and handsome entertainment by Eddie Mayehoff, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her songs about the horrors of life in the big city. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a new décor as background for old favorites on Roger Stearns' piano.

Miscellaneous—At the **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of tasty show girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra plays for dinner, and alternates with Louis Prima's band at the supper hour. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

Warm-weather note: over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **Bossert**, Montague and Hicks Sts., (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—At **Nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Eddie Condon, Peewee Russell, and Bobby Hackett are nearing their Diamond Jubilee here; no dancing. . . . **Pied Piper**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's new hot band, and fine piano playing by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith; no dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Leonard Ware Trio makes it one of the town's best cellars. . . . **Onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Oscar Pettiford's band and Hot Lips Page's new quintet, which includes Cozy Cole and Don Byas; no dancing. . . . **Downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, and Pete Brown, which is all you need to know; no dancing. . . . **Three Deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): very special piano playing by Art Tatum, and there's also Tatum's trio; no dancing. . . . **Hickory House**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp are back home again; no dancing. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio now has Sterling Bose and his trumpet.

Al Fresco—The **Claremont Inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124: for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **Central Park Zoo**: the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the

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BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; and LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

British War Art—Fifty paintings of war scenes by official British artists: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 22.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of the artist's nephew. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 24.

Chinese—Contemporary woodcuts recently brought here from China; sponsored by the China Aid Council and the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 28.

Thomas Eakins—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

European—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 22.

French—At the BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 14. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Groups—At the REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M. (also, Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Aug. 31. . . . ARTIST ASSOCIATES, 138 W. 15: members of this coöperative gallery, including Chuzo Tamotzu, Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and Esteban Soriano. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 15. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 28. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: pictures by Chagall, Dali, Hélion, Miró, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Peter Hurd, Andrew Wyeth, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . NIERENDORF, 53 E. 57: sculpture and painting by modern European and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30), a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Enrique Moret—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and artists who have worked with him (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

O'Keeffe, Marin, and Dove—The recent output of these three artists: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 15.

Louis Schanker—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 14.

Maria Swartwout—Flowers and still lifes: Kohn, 608 5 Ave., at 49. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 21.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic Symphony—Conductors: Leonard Bernstein, Thurs. through Sun., July 13-16; Antal Dorati, Mon. through Wed., July 17-19, and Fri., July 21; Robert Stolz, Thurs., July 20; Ignace Strasfogel, Sat., July 22. Highlights: Nathan Milstein, violin, July 13; Leonard Bernstein, piano, July 14; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, July 15; Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, ballet, July 17; Herta Glaz, contralto, and Mario Berini, tenor, July 20; General Platoff's Don Cossack Chorus, July 22. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square nightly, beginning at 6:44 P.M., at twelve-minute intervals.)

Juilliard Concerts—James Friskin, piano, Thurs., July 13; Kraeuter Trio, chamber music, Fri., July 14; Daniel Gregory Mason, piano, Tues., July 18; Sigismond Stojowski, piano, Wed., July 19; Fraser Gange, baritone, Thurs., July 20; Barbara Holmquest, piano, Fri., July 21. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . Program of folk singing and dancing by several national groups, presented by the League of Composers and the Common Council for American Unity, Tues., July 18, at 9 P.M.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., July 14-15, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 16 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tues., July 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs., July 20 (doubleheader), at 1:45 P.M., and Fri., July 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat., July 22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tues., July 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Wed., July 19, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., July 20-21, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., July 22, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Ike Williams vs. Julie Kogon, lightweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., July 20. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Golf—Long Island G. A. Amateur Championship, qualifying rounds, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L. I., Thurs. and Fri., July 13-14. . . . Long Island G. A. Amateur Best Ball, Garden City C. C., Garden City, L. I., Thurs., July 20. . . . Long Island G. A. Amateur Championship, match play, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L. I., starting Sat., July 22.

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., through July 29. (Fleetwing Handicap, July 15; East View Stakes, July 19; Questionnaire Handicap, July 22.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships, men and women, Montclair A. C., Montclair, N. J., through Sat., July 15.

Trotting—Daily at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L. I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sat., July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

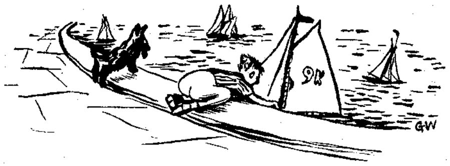
Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: American Y. C., Sun., July 16, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., 5 Ave. at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 4. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Signal Corps films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sun., July 16.

Chessmen—The Gustavus A. Pfeiffer collection of unusual chess sets from all over the world, dating from the ninth century to the present: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 17.



Americana—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: models of famous old American ships; old uniforms, logs, and letters; the diary of an ensign who was with Perry in Japan; and other material relating to the history of the U. S. Navy. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloist, Rudolf Serkin, piano, Sun., July 16, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Fritz Kreisler, violin, Mon., July 17, at 9 P.M., WEAF. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 14 and 21, and Wed., July 19, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., July 15 and 22, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: Fleetwing Handicap, Sat., July 15; Questionnaire Handicap, Sat., July 22; at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WOR.

News Commentators—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:20 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Attack!—The first landings on New Britain, expertly and forcefully shown and described by the Army Signal Corps. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., July 18-19.)

Christmas Holiday—Gene Kelly and Deanna Durbin as a criminal type and his enduring wife. Heavy stuff for Miss Durbin, but she handles it well enough. From a book by Somerset Maugham. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

Cover Girl—A better musical than most, with tunes by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, and Phil Silvers. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., July 15. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., July 17. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Thurs., July 15-20.)

48 Hours—One of those fine, underplayed, British hair-raisers. This one's about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and others. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 21.)

Gaslight—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten in the screen version of the thriller known on the stage as "Angel Street." (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., July 13. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 15. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Mon., July 17. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., July 16-19.)

Good Old Days—A vaudeville of film memories neither as good nor as old as it might conceivably have been but fortified by William S. Hart and the Dempsey-Willard fight pictures. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., July 19.)

The Hairy Ape—William Bendix and Susan Hayward in a version of O'Neill's play that you won't recognize but might enjoy. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

It Happened Tomorrow—An agreeable fantasy in which it develops that knowing the future can make you nervous. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., July 17. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 19.)

Lady in the Dark—Bigger and gaudier than Moss Hart ever dreamed of. Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, and Mischa Auer. (Normandie, Park at 53; and Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., July 13.)

Lifeboat—Alfred Hitchcock's film about some lively adventures at sea. Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix, and Henry Hull. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 14-17.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—An Eric Ambler novel about underworld doings in Europe, slower on the screen than they were on paper but still with traces of excitement. Peter Lorre, Sydney Green-

Some ABC stuff about E

E is a very important letter in this war.

It's the name of the War Bonds you buy—"War Savings Bond Series E."

As you know, a Series E Bond will work for you for ten full years, piling up interest, till finally you get $4 for every $3. Pretty nice.

The first job of the money you put into "E" is to help finance the war. But it also gives you a wonderful way to save money. *And when the war is over, that money you now put away can do another job, can help America swing over from war to peace.*

There'll come a day when you'll bless these Bonds—when they may help you over a tough spot.

That's why you should make up your mind to hang on to every Bond you buy. You can, of course, cash in your Bonds any time after you've held them for 60 days. You get all your money back, and, after one year, all your money plus interest.

But when you cash in a Bond, you end its life before its full job is done. You don't give it its chance to help you and the country in the years ahead. You kill off its $4-for-every-$3 earning power.

This is good to remember when you might be tempted to cash in War Bonds. They are yours, to do what you want with.

But . . . it's ABC sense that . . .

They'll do the best job for you and for America if you let them reach the full flower of maturity!

WAR BONDS
to Have and to Hold

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 22.

street, Zachary Scott, and Faye Emerson. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., July 13.)

The Memphis Belle—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 13.)

Mr. Skeffington—A Bette Davis vehicle, and notable mainly as such. It's about a man who loves his wife in spite of the trouble she gives him, which is plenty. Claude Rains is the man. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Once Upon a Time—About a caterpillar that dances when anybody plays "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, and Ted Donaldson. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., July 19.)

Passage to Marseille—Disjointed and a bit too thrill-packed, but the cast is impressive. Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Michèle Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre are all involved in a story about the Fighting French. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., July 17-19.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The funnier, and possibly more improbable, side of basic training. A flattering adaptation of the book, with Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Mon., July 17. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., July 19.)

The Song of Bernadette—The story of Lourdes, long but with some good acting. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, and Lee J. Cobb. (Art, 36 E. 8; and 77th, B'way at 77; through Wed., July 19. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Thurs., July 14-20.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism in Java of a Navy doctor of whom you may have heard. There's a lot that's phony about the picture, but the factual parts are still impressive. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Signe Hasso. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A long variety show starring, luckily, Jimmy Durante. Room has been made, also, for Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, a couple of orchestras, and a rather troublesome plot. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., July 19.)

Note—A new Army documentary, "The Liberation of Rome," is being shown at almost all first-run theatres. The twenty minutes that it runs doesn't do the Italian campaign justice, but the photography by British and American Army men is fine and the editors' telescoping is neat.

REVIVALS

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., July 18.)

Blackout (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 13.)

The Cross of Lorraine (1943)—Hans Habe's "A Thousand Shall Fall," about life in a German prison camp. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Tues., July 18.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., July 13.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 13.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 14-17.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Mon., July 17.)

The Mayor's Dilemma (1940)—French life during the last war. With Charpin and Annie Vernay. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., July 19.)

Pot o' Gold (1941)—Mild comedy and a pinch of music, now called "Jimmy Steps Out." With Paulette Goddard and James Stewart. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 13.)

Scarface (1932)—Early gangster piece, with Paul Muni and George Raft. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., July 14-15.)

The Woman Alone (1937)—A London thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer." With Sylvia Sidney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 13.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films produced by the War Department, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., JULY 16: "The Battle of Britain." . . . FROM MON., JULY 17: "The Battle of Russia."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

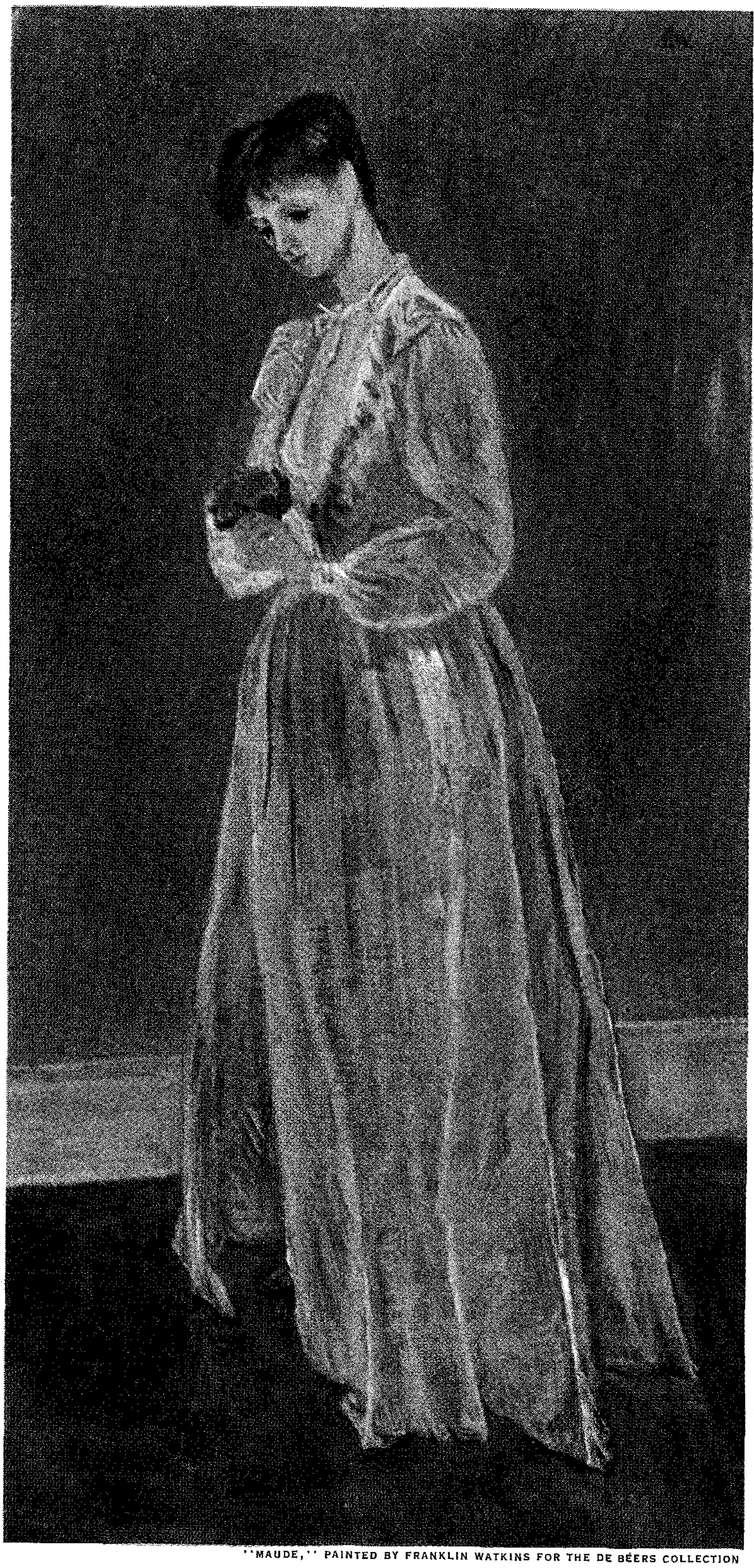
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to work three hours a day, twice a week, as clinic or dietary aides, librarians, or aides in children's wards; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, or dietary or ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs volunteers, especially women, for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing and blankets, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the Association's warehouse, at 420 E. 54th. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38th (LE 2-0886). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps, and at the moment there is a particular demand for pocket-size books, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. Four organizations which will distribute contributions are the Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455); the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 42 E. 33rd (MU 5-1976). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3rd Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. If you have any you wish to give, mail or take them to the Council's offices.



"MAUDE," PAINTED BY FRANKLIN WATKINS FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

One-half carat $225 to $450

One carat $650 to $1000

Two carats $1650 to $2750

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

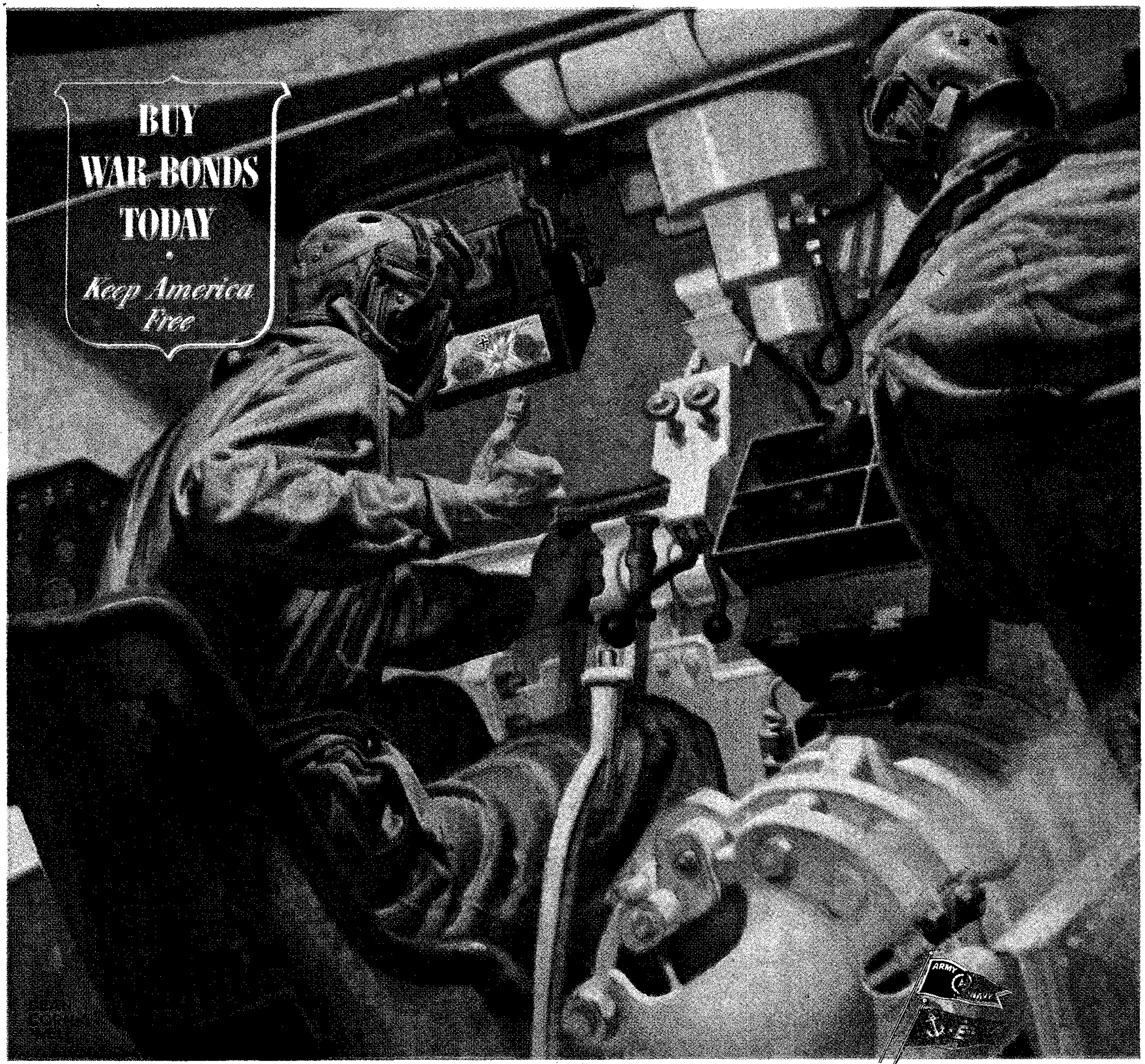
Industrial Diamonds— a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Consequently, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

Sentinel of the heart

May the diamond ring on your engagement finger watch between you always—shine clear and confident through every lonely hour. One day you'll find it doubly precious for this bright vigil of courage and reassurance—*when it flames with joy for the* fulfilled pledge of life and love guarded in its brilliant depths since time began.

N. W. AYER & SON

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies



Victory pace *by Fisher*

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

GREAT masses of heavy armament are now helping to write the prologue to victory.

Fisher Body has produced its share of this armament — tanks, anti-aircraft guns, gun-breech housings, fighting planes, bombers and delicate flying instruments.

To do this we had to disregard the normal limits of our business, and build products entirely new to us. We had to explore technical fields foreign to us. We had to enlarge our plant facilities.

Looking back on those hectic days and nights of conversion, we realize that an understanding of true craftsmanship proved to be, literally, a lifesaver. Precision work on armament came easily to precision workmen. Long-acquired skills and crafts met demands for the most extreme accuracy.

And an important reason why Fisher Body has yet to fail at a war job is because craftsmanship has never yet failed us.

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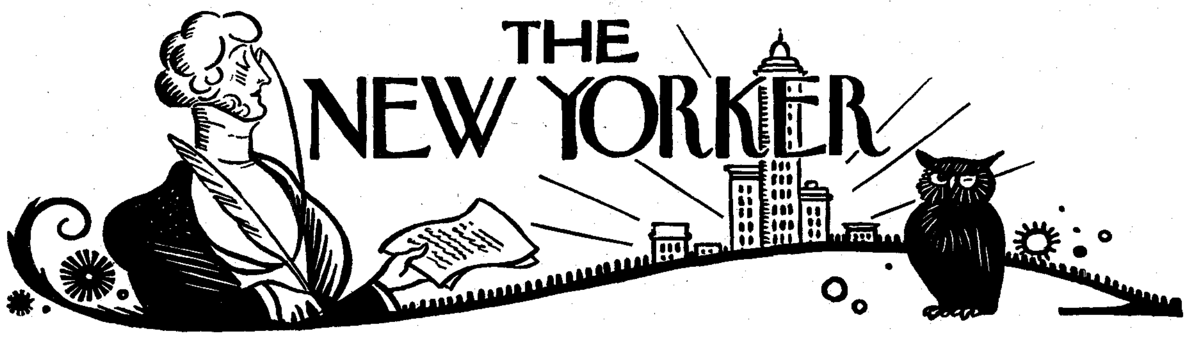
Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

armament
~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

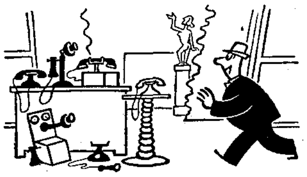
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE New York Telephone Company is asking business firms to scout around for any superfluous instruments in their offices which might be turned in to relieve the shortage. The company wants fifty thousand instruments, and we doubt that it will have much trouble getting them; within a half-mile radius of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, there must be at least fifty thousand two-telephone executives, all of whom suffer from the common failing of being unable to speak into more than one telephone at a time. If, however, the canvass doesn't turn up the necessary quota, we suggest an exploration of the theatrical-property studios. What a trove! Dainty, enamelled boudoir telephones, battered city-editor telephones, dingy barroom telephones, military field sets—telephones in quantity. Our motive in making this suggestion is, as our readers will have guessed, a double one; it will help the war effort, and it will elevate the standards of the drama, which go glimmering every time an actor picks up a phone. We'd also be delighted if the Telephone Company could find some imaginary use for those imaginary telephones which are always ringing in radio skits, but perhaps that's asking too much. As for the movies, they are beyond hope.



NOTE ON DIET IN RELATION TO FINANCE: In the kitchen where luncheons are prepared for the executives of Macy's, the waitresses are advised, by means of a notice on the bulletin board, that "Mr. Ruml does not take potatoes."

CONSCIENTIOUS fiction writers, confronted, these days, with plot necessities which require their male characters to be still in civilian life, are meeting their problems bravely and with gravity. The simple device of having the hero work in an airplane factory isn't always feasible, it seems. We read many short stories, published and unpublished, in the course of a week, and we have recently met many tall, blond, handsome young men who, otherwise perfect, have been given by their creators a punctured ear drum, a slight stomach history, or a tendency to fall down when startled. Miss Faith Baldwin, a conscientious writer if there ever was one, took no chances whatever with the hero of her latest serial in *Collier's*. We quote:

"Mimi asked, 'But why *isn't* Dudley Lennox in [the Army]?'

"Carol said, 'He has a knee injury—from football—and a slight heart murmur. Also, he owns and publishes *Foresight*, and that's considered pretty important. It isn't old, as news weeklies go, but it is just about tops. He owns a motion-picture outfit, Mimi. He had intended to go into competition with March of Time. That sort of thing. Instead, he makes propaganda shorts for the government. He's in Washington a lot, and has, besides, a sort of hush-hush advisory job. I don't know much about it.' "

NEVER, we believe, have courts been as avuncular as now, or as ruggedly individualistic. A few weeks ago a Midwestern judge, roiled by a heavy divorce docket, lashed out with a denunciation of twin beds, calling upon the nation to return to the stability of the double-bed era. A short while later, in this city, Supreme Court Justice Koch refused to allow Kevin O'Sheel, twenty-two, to change his name to Henri Marie Hubert de Pineo. O'Sheel said that his parents were divorced and that he wanted to assume, among other things, his maternal grandmother's family name. The judge told the lad that he was acting on a romantic impulse, and he left the courtroom still O'Sheel. Soon afterward, a judge out West, after hearing the evidence against two motorists involved in accidents, turned on the state and denounced it for laxity in issuing drivers' licenses. On the same day, Judge Michael Igoe of Chicago had before him for sentence a bank teller convicted of embezzling $41,689. Judge Igoe released the defendant and denounced the bank for not having paid the man a decent salary.

The unprecedented judgment and the human whim seem definitely on the increase in American jurisprudence. There probably is a point at which even judges can endure no more technicalities, and in many of them must lurk a poignant yearning for simplicity, the urge to brush aside the gnarled verbiage of the brief with a wave of the hand. The State Bar Association of Texas used those very words, "wave of a hand," when it passed a resolution not long ago that the United States Supreme Court was minimizing precedents, thereby, as we understand it, setting for the courts of the land the precedent of ignoring precedent. That's the way with courts; when a judge waves aside one precedent, he establishes another. In law nothing remains unique. The virgin remark, the unexpected angle, the Igoe backfire—such things congeal immediately into precedent.

Great Big Smile

WE were among those at Mitchel Field when a C-54, a four-motored plane that looked considerably larger to us than a Flying Fortress, arrived in this country with the first planeload of wounded from the Normandy front. The men, of whom there were fourteen, were lowered from the plane on stretchers with the aid of a hydraulic lift, a sort of miniature freight elevator built onto the chassis of a truck which had been parked alongside it. To our surprise, they gave no indication of relief or pleasure at being home again. Sweating under the heavy Army blankets with which they were covered, they merely stared upward into space as they were carried to waiting ambulances. They seemed resigned to the enforced immobility of plaster casts and bandages, but not happy about it, and it occurred to us that, from their stretchers, they couldn't see anything of their homeland anyhow—only a sky which must have looked the same as the sky over Normandy or over England.

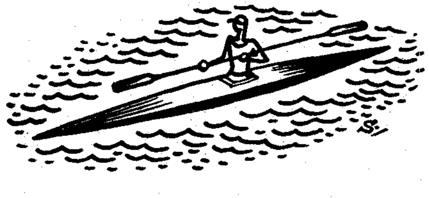
When the ambulances had started off for a base hospital, we spoke to Lieutenant Geraldine Lysigne, the young flight nurse who had accompanied the men across the ocean. She told us that the plane had left Prestwick, in Scotland, at nine the evening before and had been about nineteen hours getting here. She said that the men, lying in berths, had slept, read American magazines and British newspapers, sung a little, and eaten two hot meals during the trip. She explained that they were not critically injured but were fracture cases to be treated, presumably, at hospitals near their homes, and that the reason some of the boys didn't act excited about being back was that they had never flown before and were under something of a strain. Lieutenant Lysigne had received special training in caring for patients in the air but hadn't been called on to use it, for none of the patients even got airsick.

From the air field, we went with a group of reporters and photographers to the base hospital. When we arrived, the wounded men were just finishing their first meal there—meat balls and spaghetti, and vanilla and strawberry ice cream. One of them was a twenty-one-year-old paratrooper who had broken a leg when he landed near Ste. Mère-Eglise on D Day. He had brought back a good-sized remnant of his parachute and the photographers persuaded a visiting Wac to pose beside his bed, holding one end of it, while he held the other. The paratrooper grinned with embarrassment, but he had recovered by the time the cameramen left. He said to the Wac, "I heard you giving those guys your name, so will you give it me, too?"

We also visited a young infantry private named Clemens, who comes from Bellaire, Long Island. He was shot in one leg just as he scrambled out of his assault boat at 6:40 A.M. on D Day. He dragged himself three hundred yards through the water to reach shore, and there was picked up by some of our men and taken to a first-aid station. After a few days he was returned to England on an LST. His wounded leg was in a cast. A girl reporter asked him how it felt to be wounded. He didn't answer. Then she asked him what he wanted to do more than anything else, and he said in a tired voice, "I don't know, I don't know." The girl said, "You want to see your mother, don't you?," and Clemens said, "Why, sure I do. I want to see my wife and I want to see my mother." The girl beamed and said, "That's right." Then the photographers gathered around his cot, some of them standing on chairs, one of them kneeling on the bed with a knee pressing against Clemens' cast, and they called out, "All right, Clemens! Look this way! That's it. And give us a smile. . . . Oh, hell, a real smile, a great big smile." Clemens looked at the ceiling for a long while and finally crossed his arms on his chest and gave them a great big smile.

The Rivals

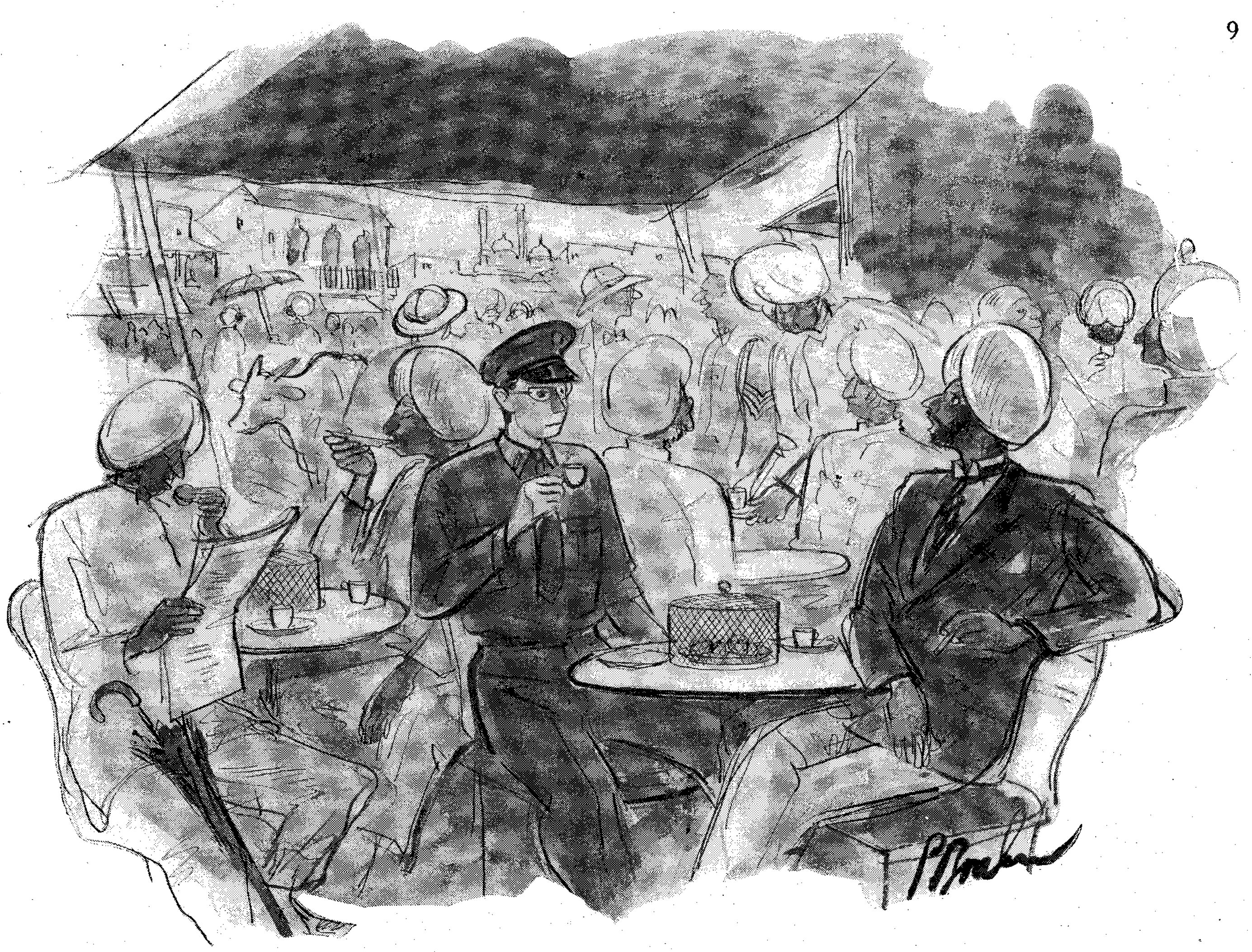
WHILE standing in the queue at one of the big Third Avenue super-markets—one of those places where you take things off the shelves, put them in a little gocart, and wheel them to the cashier—a girl we know became dazzled by the dexterity of the cashier. He was inspecting each batch of groceries, sliding them into a paper bag, adding up the prices, and making change, all in what seemed like a single motion. When her turn came, she complimented him on his speed. "Gee, thanks!" he said, then added somewhat sadly, "My old woman says the man over at the A. & P. is better."



Our Own Baedeker

THIS week we will discuss the Marianas, a group of fifteen islands, including Saipan and Guam, which lie in a scimitarlike curve, five hundred miles long, midway between the southern Bonins and the western Carolines. To speak in pre-Pearl Harbor terms, all the Marianas but the island of Guam are part of the Japanese Nanyo territory, which also includes Palau, the Carolines, and the Marshall Islands. The Marianas were discovered in 1521 by Magellan, whose crew was subsisting on leather and shipboard rats when they sighted Guam. They landed and laid in food and water, and named the chain the Islands of the Lateen Sails, because of the native outrigger canoes. Later on, some of the natives stole one of Magellan's small boats, so he killed as many of them as he could lay hands on and changed the name to the Ladrones (Thieves), a name which still survives on some maps. About a hundred and fifty years later, a Jesuit missionary settled on Guam, took possession of the islands for Spain, and renamed them the Marianas, after Maria Anna of Austria, the widow of Philip IV of Spain. Except for converting the natives to Christianity and making the women wear more clothes, the Spaniards left hardly a mark on the Marianas. We captured Guam during the Spanish-American War; probably you remember the story of how the Spanish governor of the island hadn't even heard there was a war on and thought that the warning volley fired over the fort by our ships was a courtesy to him.

When it came to arranging peace terms with the Spanish, we chose to keep only Guam out of the whole Marianas group, whereupon the Germans bought the fourteen other islands, plus the Carolines and Palau, for a little over four million dollars. Germany never got around to exploiting the islands and there were never more than a hundred or so Germans living on them. The Japanese, however, moved in, cornered most of the advantageous business connections, and in no time at all had monopolized the copra business of the archipelago. In October, 1914, a Jap naval squadron arrived at Saipan and took over all the German possessions in the Pacific, beating the British to it by a hair. Later the British promised Japan all the German-held South Sea islands



"There is so much to ask about your country. Tell me, who finally did sit on a flagpole the longest?"

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north of the Equator anyhow. The Jap occupation was ratified in 1919 by the Treaty of Versailles. The Japs got a mandate, which turned out to be equivalent to outright possession. They developed the islands purely for commerce with their own mainland, raising tropical fruits, coffee, cocoa, cotton, tobacco, kapok, and cane sugar. Also, they developed naval bases. To insure secrecy for this activity, they allowed no foreigners to visit the islands, and even went so far as to prevent natives from going to see relatives on American-held Guam.

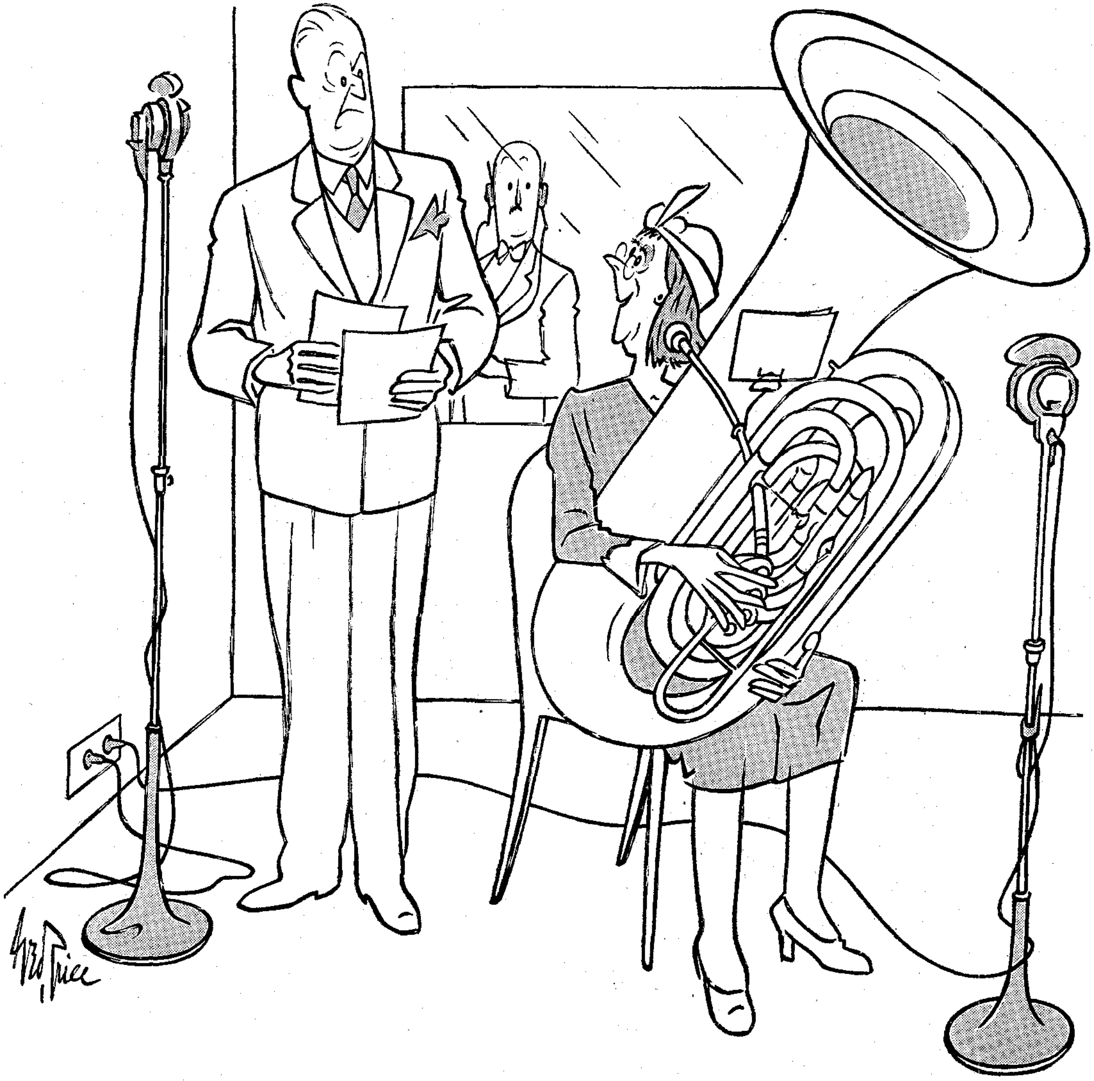
The natives of the Marianas are the Chamorros, a name Magellan hung on their ancestors; it means "the people who bob their hair." They are medium-sized, light-colored folk, and might be mistaken by the uninitiated for Filipinos. They have remained Catholics in spite of the Japs' efforts to discourage them, and have a good many Spanish characteristics; for instance, the men play the guitar and the women wear high combs and mantillas on gala occasions. Their speech is Spanish but has many elements of their original language. They recognize such European institutions as private property and the family, and are, for the region they live in, rather advanced agriculturists. Some of the Chamorros, at least on Guam, were wealthy landowners and used to send their children to European schools. An enthusiasm which the Chamorros share with their rulers is baseball. They are also fond of cock fighting, and they ride cattle in lieu of horses. There used to be a native cavalry outfit on Guam, mounted on cattle. Flying foxes, boiled with their fur on, are considered a delicacy. The flying fox is a sort of bat with a three-foot wing spread. The Marianas have no malarial mosquitoes, but they have a lizard four feet long that runs around the streets of Garapan killing chickens. They also have crabs, with claws a foot long, which climb trees after coconuts and can crack a human skull. Guiji vines provide an auxiliary water supply; the natives slit them open and drink the sap that spurts out. On Guam, before the war, the natives drank a brandy called aggie, made from the bud of the coconut palm. On the other islands they drank beverages with less than three per cent alcohol; the Japs are against firewater. Aside from the guitar, the Chamorros have only one musical instrument, a single-stringed, five-foot-long affair that has to be played lying down.

Baker

THIS is another one of those Army classification stories. It seems that a young soldier of superior education and abilities applied for O.C.S. recently, but was turned down. Not only was he turned down but he was assigned to the Cooks and Bakers School. He is convinced that this happened because he had, in his application, noted that he had attended the George Pierce Baker School at Yale.

Dancing Again

WE were on hand last Thursday evening to watch the resumption of one of the town's pleasant summer



"Now don't hesitate to interrupt me for any important news bulletins."

rituals, weekly outdoor dancing on the Mall. Again, most of the males were in uniform, and there was a sprinkling of French and British sailors. The same number of unattached boys and girls wandered about in search of partners and the same number of older lookers-on sat on the benches, gently fanning themselves with afternoon papers. It was a hot night and the sky was overcast. The crowd was quiet and intent upon its dancing. Occasionally, above the dance music and the steady shuffle of leather on concrete, there was the sound of an airplane overhead, but nobody bothered to look up.

When we arrived, the band had been playing a slow, sentimental number. Now it paused briefly, while the dancers stood suspended, and then launched into what we are certain was "Tuxedo Junction," a rug-cutters' special. As the more sedentary dancers left the floor and the jitterbugs went into action, we saw a look of horrified amazement spread over the faces of the British sailors. A couple of French sailors sat down on the concrete and began to laugh hysterically. "Oh, boy!," said an elderly woman near us. "This is terrific." Over in a dark corner a cop and a policewoman were cutting a bit of rug themselves. A Parks Department man strolled by and they parted sheepishly. "A very Lindy crowd," another cop remarked to us. "*Very* Lindy." "Really!" we heard a gangling English sailor exclaim to his mate. "This is incredible!"

The band went off for an intermission after "Tuxedo Junction," and we took the opportunity to observe the different techniques of approach practiced by boys in search of new partners. "Wanna dance?" seemed to work well enough for most of the Americans. We heard one British lad, apparently still stunned by the jitterbugging, say to a tall, willing brunette, "I say, would you like to dance—if it's a slow one next?" The French surmounted the language barrier by smiling prettily and saying, "Please—yes?" The next number, a soft, woozy piece, lured most of the dancers onto the floor. "I'll be seeing you, in all the old, familiar places," an unidentified tenor in the band sang mournfully, and the crowd hummed with him, with the exception of a vivacious girl who sang, obbligato, "The dipsy doodle's—a thing—to beware." Two old men sitting in the back row of benches had spread a checkerboard out between them and were playing by the light of a Park lamp. The music stopped, and there was a spatter of applause that sounded soft and far away. "It's almost as if the war was over, ain't it?" one of the old fellows said. "Yup," said his friend. "Your move."

Code

THERE'S a theatrical producer in town who had a call from Naval Intelligence the day after D Day. He had been arranging for a production of an operetta in Buenos Aires and on D Day-minus-two had wired his associates there that the composer was flying down and was to be met by the press. Naval Intelligence intercepted the cable and held it up, and before they got around to deciding what to do about it, the hell broke loose in Normandy. The producer was able to explain matters satisfactorily, but he had to admit that his cable must have looked suspicious. It read, "LEO ARRIVES JUNE SIXTH SEND REPORTERS PHOTOGRAPHERS MEET HIM." The Navy's reasonable suspicion was that Leo might be the British Lion.

Vs. Fish

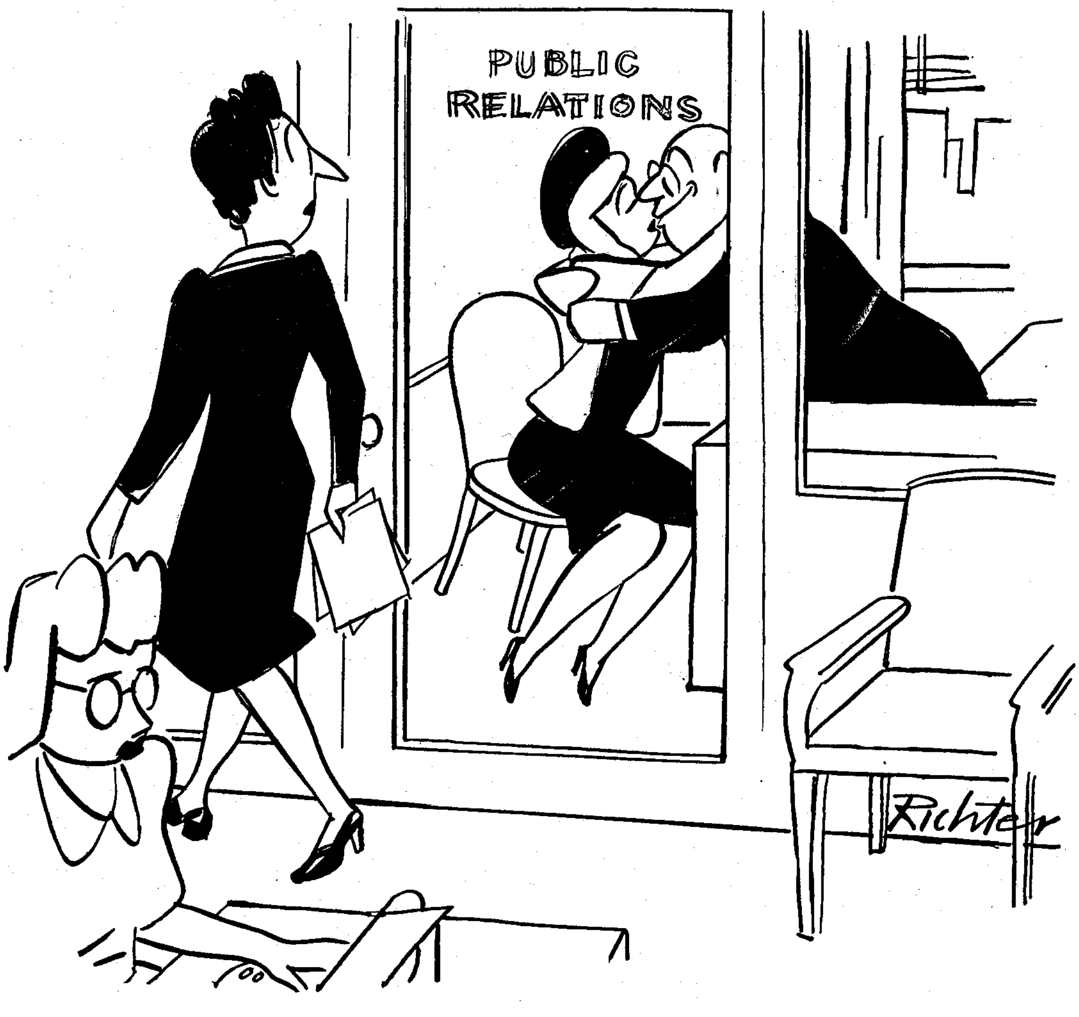
THESE paragraphs will acquaint you with Augustus W. Bennet, who deserves your attention because he is doing his best to nudge Ham Fish out of the running in the August 1st primaries. We had a talk with him last week in his law office in Newburgh. "Just call me Gus—that's my new motto," he told us. "If he's Ham, I've got to be Gus. Anybody can see that. Augustus is what you might call too august." Gus is a tall, long-faced fellow. He is forty-six, but he doesn't look it. He was born in New York City, on West Ninety-ninth Street, and is a proud graduate of the late lamented Townsend Harris High School. "I was one of the bunch that stayed up late nights trying to keep that place open," he said. "I went to Amherst after Townsend Harris, and, though I never mentioned the matter to Amherst, after Townsend Harris their brand of higher education was like taking licorice from a small child." He was invited to Newburgh by an uncle, Graham Witschief, to practice law with him. The uncle is now a New York State Supreme Court judge. Part of Gus's childhood was spent in Washington, his father having been an inveterate runner for Congress, with a record of four terms out of six starts. There's some talk of Bennet *père* running for the Senate, and if he does the two will stump the district together.

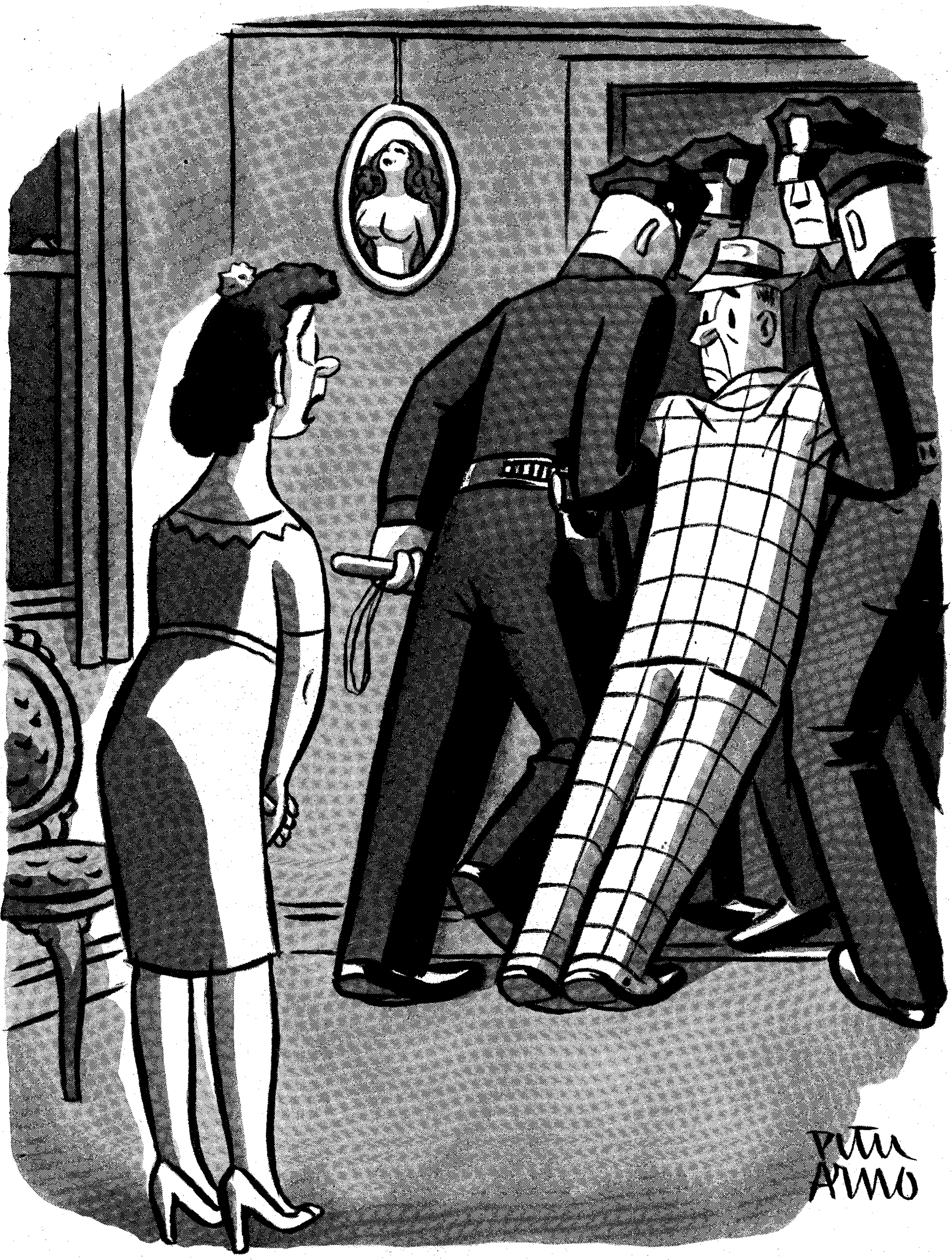
Bennet became an anti-Fish man six years ago, at the beginning of the isolationist-interventionist struggle. "I wrote Fish a number of very firm, very good letters," he told us, "and after a while I got an answer. 'Dear Mr. Bennet,' it said. 'It is only too clear that you have been reading the wrong newspapers.'" Rather than switch to the *Daily News*, Bennet decided it was time to switch representatives. He became part of a small group that campaigned against Fish in 1940, and in 1942 he ran against Fish in the primaries, taking a bad beating—7,200 to 17,200. In the subsequent election, Fish's margin over the Democratic candidate was only 4,200, and since Orange County is normally Republican by a two-to-one margin, Bennet feels there's definite hope for him in Orange this year, especially since he has Democratic endorsement. Last year's redistricting divorced Orange County from Dutchess and Putnam and threw it into a district which also includes Rockland, Delaware, and Sullivan Counties, none of which has ever before been called upon to express an opinion on Mr. Fish. Stirring times, these, with Fish hanging in the balance.

The literati of the Twenty-ninth District are pretty definitely pro-Gus. Helen Hayes MacArthur, for instance, is making her Nyack house headquarters for the Republicans-for-Bennet Committee, of which she is vice-chairman. Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill, a couple of Rockland County wardheelers, are said to be doing the words and music, respectively, of an anti-Fish song, and Milton Caniff, of Sullivan County, is drawing pro-Bennet cartoons. Fish and Bennet have appeared on the same platform during the current campaign. That was in February. The idea was that they were to debate Fish's record, but Fish spent his time denouncing Communism, on the theory that Bennet is a Bolshevik, and has since then refused even to say hello to him when they meet on the street or at Republican functions. At various times, Fish has called Bennet a Socialist, an interventionist, a New Dealer (fighting words in those parts), a slacker (Bennet was a Navy flier in the last war but was never sent across), and a smear artist. "It is difficult for a man who has spent twenty-three years of his life preparing and answering nice, logical little legal arguments to get adjusted to a scrap like this," Bennet said. "When a man calls you a smear artist, what are you going to do—say, 'No, you are mistaken. I am not a smear artist'?" Fish is particularly aroused, it seems, by the fact that Bennet has been endorsed by the Democrats and by the American Liberal Party, which used to be the right wing of the American Labor Party. There is a rumor that the left wing is going to endorse him, too. Bennet is afraid that this would really send Mr. Fish. "Before he gets through having his say about that, you'll think I built the Kremlin with my bare hands," he predicted to us. "It's a good thing that my great-grandfather James, who founded the Republican Party in Orange County, isn't alive to hear all this."

Redeye

A FRIEND of ours watched some kids playing on the street corner under her window the other afternoon. As a change from dive bombing, the usual small-fry diversion these days, one of them set up a plank on a box and reverted to the old West, with the announcement that this was the Last Chance Saloon. A second lad swaggered up, pounded the bar, and said, "I'll have a rye." A third, younger and apparently less sophisticated, piped up, "I'll have a whole-wheat."





"Then this is goodbye?"

YOU'LL SCARE YOUR OWN MOTHERS

THE four squads marched back and forth across the small clearing with their squad leaders stepping along beside them, calling cadence, giving commands, and trying to forget Lieutenant Bayard and the two sergeants—Callner and Holly—who stood watching them from the edge of a grove of jack pine.

"Hup, two, three, four," called Private Patterson to his squad. "Left oblique . . . march! . . . Forward . . . march!"

"Wrong foot," Private Medaglia said complacently from the rear file.

"Hup . . . hup . . ." said Patterson, glancing nervously at the feet of the first man to see if the squad was still in step with him. He felt hot, though it was early morning and mist still drifted in the stump-filled hollow beyond him. A buzzard wheeled in the air, then wheeled again and drifted against the clear sky.

"To the rear . . . march!" shouted Patterson. His squad reversed direction and marched toward another file of men. To avert a collision, Patterson said quickly, "To the rear . . . march!" Wrong foot again, damn it, he thought.

From the edge of the woods, Sergeant Callner bawled, "Break it off! Fall in! Come on, on the double!"

The men went at the run across the field toward their stacked rifles and fell in on their equipment. They stood at attention, eyes rigidly to the front.

Callner looked them over, his lips pursed, his brown eyes watching sharply. From behind the men came the hiss, pop, and hissing of an exploded thermate grenade, but they remained rigidly staring. Yesterday some of them had been unwary enough to turn while at attention and had been badly chewed.

"At ease," said Callner.

Lieutenant Bayard came up beside the sergeant. He was a stubby man, bandy-legged and cocky of posture. He had some of the flavor of an Erich von Stroheim and the same cropped head of hair and Prussian neck.

"According to the schedule," said Lieutenant Bayard, "this first hour this morning was to be devoted to Voice and Command. That's what it says on the schedule. But I'm damned if I know what you've been doing out there. I haven't heard one good voice in the lot of you, and you haven't enough command presence to put the fear of God in a schoolgirl." He slapped his stomach briskly. "When you give a command, bring it up from here. Let it be heard. Get some resonance in it. You aren't asking your squad to do something; you're *telling* them." He mimicked: "'By the left flank . . . march; hup, two, three, four.' What the hell kind of commands are those?"

Patterson looked thoughtfully at his full field pack, lying at his right foot. He raised his head and saw Lady, a small brown-and-white bitch that had adopted them, bounding through belly-deep grass after some birds.

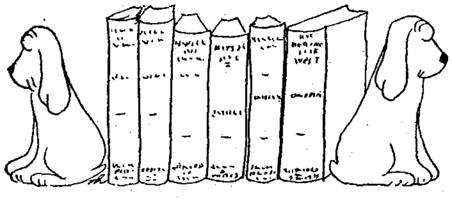
"When you count cadence, snap it out," said the lieutenant. "Forget this one, two, three, four stuff. Give it some punch—hut, hup, hip, hore! Hit every one of them hard. *Hut, hup, hip, hore!* Put an 'h' in front of every command of execution. It's 'By the right flank, harch! . . . right hace! . . . to the rear . . . harch!' And it's 'Tenhut!,' not 'Attention!' Have you got that?"

They all nodded.

"It took two years to make a noncommissioned officer in the old Army," Lieutenant Bayard continued. "Out here at Cadre School we've got three weeks to do it in. And the first thing we've got to do is make you sound like soldiers. Now, get out there and sound off. Every one of you. March around out there and give yourself commands. Make them loud. Pretend you're giving them to an entire battalion. Make it so loud I can't hear myself think. All right, get moving."

They spent the rest of the hour parading up and down the clearing bawling out commands, trying not to look as silly as they felt. A mortar company came up the road from camp, the mortar squads harnessed to their carts and their faces turned in derision to the men shouting in the clearing. Patterson promptly about-faced and marched away from them; then he told himself, "Hell, that's the sort of thing I've got to overcome," so he marched back bawling out commands to drown out the hoots and laughter of those other soldiers.

DURING the ten-minute break, Patterson sat smoking among the trees with two of the men from his company, Medaglia and Hall. The other Cadre School men sat in company groups, too. This was only the second day of school and they didn't know the men from other companies well.



The sun had cleared the low woods beyond the hollow, but it hadn't struck warmly yet. Lady skittered among the men and a large black mongrel, probably belonging to the mortar company, padded up and sniffed at their leggings. Patterson leaned back against a tree, cradling a wrist he had strained in commando wrestling the day before.

A soldier named Beane called, "You from Company H?"

"Yes," said Patterson.

"How's the guy who got hurt yesterday—what's his name?"

"Andrews. He chipped a bone in his elbow."

"Oh. It's not broken then." Beane turned. "Hey, Wojciechowski! That guy's arm ain't broken."

"Yeah?" said Wojciechowski, who had thrown Andrews. "That's swell. Is he out of the hospital?"

"No," Patterson answered. "Some of us went over to see him last night. He'll be there for a couple of weeks."

"He's lucky," said Beane. "He's well out of this. Hell, we won't get no ratings out of Cadre School. We'll just break our necks for three weeks and then be right back where we were."

A couple of soldiers shifted position. "How'd the last class make out, anybody know?" asked Medaglia.

"They're all buck privates," Beane answered. "Every damn one of them."

"Some of them must have got ratings—" Patterson began.

"Not a damn one of them," Beane said. "Hell, man, don't you know ratings are frozen on this post? They're frozen all over this damn army. You won't get no ratings until they kill off a couple of million guys ahead of you."

"What the hell is a smart apple like you doing out here then?" asked Medaglia.

"I didn't run around begging to come out here like you guys did," Beane said. "I was told to come out here. Nobody asked me if I wanted it or not."

Wojciechowski said, "Don't pay any attention to Beane's G-2. He's never been right on anything yet."

"Yeah, sure," said Beane. "All you guys are bucking like mad and what good is it going to do you? Why, I'll bet half of you guys here have passed O.C.S. boards, but do you think you'll ever get to O.C.S.? Hell no. And you'll

"We were wondering if you'd mind moving to one of the other cars, sir. Some of the boys thought they'd like to sing."

never get ratings out of Cadre School either."

A WHISTLE shrilled and the men all piled out of the grove and fell in on their equipment.

Sergeant Holly said, "Get everything out of your pockets, take off your wristwatches and glasses, put it all in your helmet liners." While they stripped down, he said, "Get *everything* out; don't come running to me with watches or knives when the wrestling starts. Detail, 'tenhut! Right hace. Double-time . . . harch!"

They doubletimed a quarter of a mile up the road and doubletimed back. Then came grass drill, with Lieutenant Bayard barking the commands—"On your backs! Up! Down! Roll to the right! Up! Down! Somersault backward! Up! Down! Roll to the left . . ."

Next came push-ups. At the count of fifty, most of the soldiers were blowing hard, with the small of their backs sagging groundward each time they raised themselves; some of them were skipping every other time.

"Take a blow," said Lieutenant Bayard.

Patterson lay flat on the earth, looking without interest at an ant dragging something three times its size across his range of vision.

"Thank the dear Jesus . . ." said Lieutenant Bayard softly; then more loudly, "Thank the dear Jesus you're in the Chemical Warfare Service and not in the paratroops. Why, the paratroops do a hundred push-ups morning and evening without even breathing hard."

Without looking up, Patterson knew the lieutenant was pacing up and down before them. "You've just finished seventeen weeks' basic training," he said. "You've just come back from bivouac. You should be tough. And look at you! Fifty measly push-ups have you wheezing like old women. When I'm through with you here you'll be so tough you'll scare your own mothers. When I'm through with you, you'll let Sergeant Holly jump on your stomachs. When I'm through with you, you'll be able to take over a squad and be the toughest man in it. Not just look the toughest or sound the toughest but *be* the toughest. And you'd better be tough if you want to come through this war alive. It doesn't matter about me. I'm an old man. I'll be here at camp until the war ends. But not you guys. Oh, no. You'll be where the chips are down, and if you aren't tougher than the first Jap or German you meet, it'll be the last one you meet. All right, on your toes."

They formed a semicircle around the lieutenant and he said, "You there, Wogy—what *is* your name, anyhow?"

"Wojciechowski, sir."

"O.K. Come out here."

Wojciechowski, a heavy-thighed, squat soldier, moved out into the centre of the space, grinning.

"You're a tough boy, they tell me. You put a man in the hospital yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll do as a stooge, then. This is a front take-down. Come at me, Wogy, come on." The soldier advanced, grinning, and the lieutenant went backward slowly. "Come on, come on," he kept saying impatiently. When, at last, Wojciechowski made a quick move for him, Bayard seized his wrists, sat down quickly, and, thrusting his feet into Wojciechowski's stomach, propelled him over his head. Wojciechowski fell heavily, then got up, still grinning, brushing at the white clay on his face.

"Do you see how it's done?" Bayard asked the others. "You've got to move fast and he's got to be coming at you. Just grab him, sit down suddenly, and use your feet as a lever to throw him over your head. All right, pair off."

Patterson faced a young Greek boy named Hondroulis, a stocky fellow about his own weight. They gave each other the smile of men trapped by circumstance.

"Wipe those smiles off!" snapped Bayard. "Damn it, I want you to forget all this palsy-walsy stuff. This isn't good clean fun, this is practice in how to disable and kill a man. I don't want to see you helping each other off the ground. I don't want to hear anyone saying 'Sorry.' I want you to look mad and be mad. This man's out to get you and you've got to get him first. Stick your thumb in his eye, pull his hair, bite him, kick him in the groin. Get him down; I don't care how you do it, but get him down. All right, get going."

"You come at me," said Hondroulis. Patterson did. He was flung into the air, and cracked his shoulder and skull as he came down on the hard ground. Then he threw Hondroulis. It went on that way for five or ten minutes, until they were called in to witness another demonstration. This time it was the flying mare, with Wojciechowski again the guinea pig.

They practiced for half an hour on various holds—on disarming an opponent armed with a wooden trench knife, on throwing a man who attacked from the rear—then Bayard called them in again. "Form two circles," he said. "That's right, one within the other. You fellows on the inside start moving. You men on the outside go in the opposite direction. Close your eyes, all of you."

They had done this the day before, and Patterson swallowed a little, his muscles tensing as he groped forward. It was in this sort of free-for-all that Andrews had chipped his elbow.

"Geronimo!" yelled Lieutenant Bayard.

Patterson opened his eyes and lunged at the nearest man. It was Beane and as they closed, Beane said hoarsely, "All right, chum, make it look good but take it easy." Patterson threw him heavily, getting a scissors around his waist and a lock on his neck.

"On your feet, everybody!" called Lieutenant Bayard.

"A smart bastard," said Beane as Patterson released him. "This joint is full of smart bastards."

In the next milling around, Patterson drew Hondroulis and they wrestled inconclusively until ordered to break. The following round, when Patterson opened his eyes at the command, he found himself next to Wojciechowski. The Pole seized him by the shoulders and as Patterson tried to duck away, Wojciechowski got hold of the back of his fatigues and pulled them up over his head. Patterson, furious at being caught by such an old dodge, struggled impotently. Wojciechowski suddenly bent over his back, got him around the waist, and held him head downward over the ground, bumping his head a few times to show how easily he could split Patterson's skull, and Patterson, choked and angry, said, "O.K., O.K., you've got me."

"On your feet!" called the lieutenant.

Wojciechowski let Patterson fall and he sat on the ground, pulling his jacket into place. When he got up, most of the men were on their feet, but two—Tatnall and Levine—were still flailing around.

"On your feet, I said!" snapped Bayard.

The two men got up, their faces hot and angry. On the fringe of the group Hondroulis was on his hands and knees, throwing up; beyond him lay Gaines, making the impotent thrashings of a man who has had his wind knocked out.

"Fall in on your equipment, on the double!" yelled Sergeant Callner. All of them except Hondroulis and Gaines streamed over to position and froze at attention. Callner gave them a considered stare. "Fall out," he said, "and go easy on the water."

THE men unfastened their canteens and washed out their mouths, swallowing a little water and crouching tiredly on their haunches. Over where they had been, Hondroulis was sitting back on his heels, wiping his mouth with his sleeve; Gaines was still stretched out but had stopped thrashing. Lieutenant Bayard was standing beside them.

Patterson began slowly stowing things in his pockets from his upturned helmet liner. He shook out a cigarette and got a light from Levine, beside him. Levine had a cut cheekbone and was dabbing at it with his handkerchief. They walked over to the others in the grove and sprawled out.

"God," said Hall, "I ache all over. Even my ear lobes hurt."

Tatnall, a sulky-faced Texan, said, "That the way they fight in Brooklyn, Levine?"

"Aw, bite it," said Levine.

"What's the matter?" someone asked.

"Levine gave me the knee, that's what's the matter," said Tatnall.

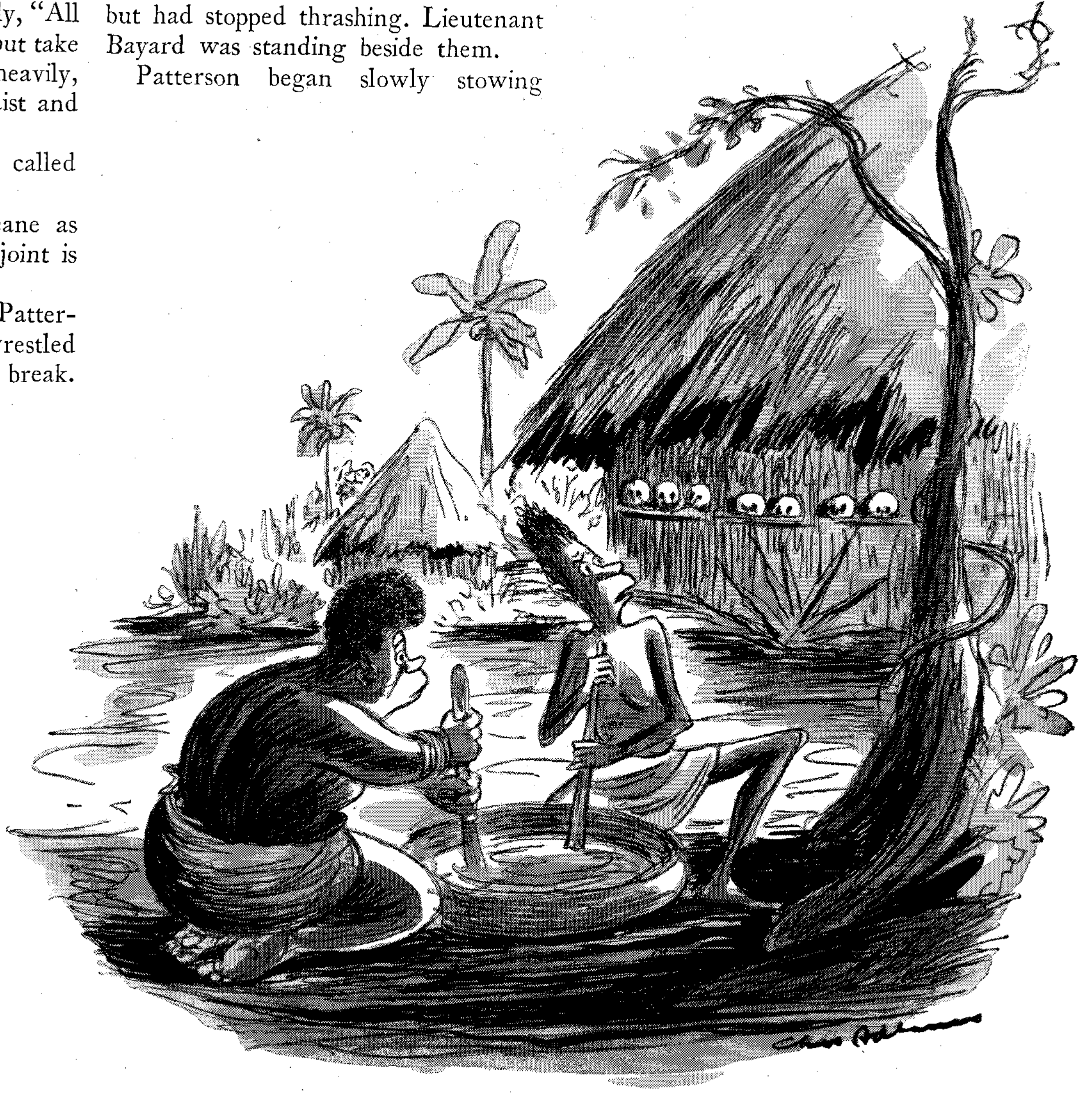
"So what?" said Levine. "You got two knees, too, haven't you?"

"I'll be using 'em tomorrow."

Levine lay back. "Well, I'm not hard to find," he said.

Beane said, "You guys are completely without sense. Why don't you make it look good without killing yourself. That's all they want."

Patterson said, "Stay away from me,



"Do you smell someone burning?"

Beane. I'll give it to you right where you live."

Beane looked at him. "I know what's the matter with you, chum. You thought you were going to get corporal's stripes out of this thing until I wised you up." He laughed shortly. "Boy, what a bunch of chumps."

"For Christ' sake, shut up," said Wojciechowski.

They fell in at the end of the break and took their rifles and bayonets. Sergeant Callner marched them off to a corner of the field and lined them up facing one another. He was a wiry, small man, young but nearly bald. His speech was precise, but when he was excited it changed to the harsh locutions of Greenpoint.

Now he said, "At ease. This morning I'm going to teach you bayonet drill. I know you've all had it before, but this time you've got to learn it with the view of teaching it to new recruits. There's a lot of difference between learning a thing yourself and teaching it to somebody else. O.K. So first of all, you've got to know the position of on guard. Face the front, legs apart, weight evenly distributed, the right foot a little behind the left. Stand like a boxer so you can't be pushed off balance. The rifle is held firmly, butt tucked under the right arm and held against your side. Now!" He demonstrated. "You can parry right or left; you can come in with a long thrust, a short thrust, a horizontal butt stroke, or a vertical butt stroke. And keep the point of your bayonet at your opponent's chest so that when you lunge you get him in the throat. And never stop moving forward. In bayonet fighting you can only win by always attacking. If you stop once you're a gone goose. If you stop once you're skewered. If you stop once you don't have any worries except burial. And you gotta be tough, you gotta get blood on your hands, you gotta hate the man you're going after. When I say 'On guard' I want to hear you growl. That's what I said—growl. And I wanta hear it. You gotta look tough and sound tough and be tough." He stared at them. "On guard!"

They snapped into position, and the sergeant spat off to one side and moved up and down as a man does in fighting for control. Then he whirled on them. "Goddam it, are you deaf or what? What have I been beating my gums about out here? I said growl, dint I? Am I here for my health or what? All right. Do you see that pine tree?" It was about two hundred yards away. "O.K., doubletime there and back, and carry those rifles at the high port or you'll doubletime there and back again. Move off."

When they were back and in position again, Callner shouted, "On guard!"

Growling, they snapped into position, most of the men glaring at their opposites, a few grinning self-consciously.

Callner jerked his thumb toward the tree. "Get going," he said. "By God, I'll run the grins out of you."

Doubletiming over, Beane said angrily, "That goddam jerk. Who the hell he think he is?" And at the tree, as they started to circle back, Beane said, "To hell with this," and dropped out.

Patterson kept pounding along with the rest, his breath coming in a hoarse whistle, his arms aching with the weight of the rifle held at high port. His mouth was dry but he kept wanting to spit.

They approached and passed the wooden sign that read "Cadre School Area," and Lady and the black mongrel came capering up as they entered the clearing. They lined up again, dropping their rifles to at ease, leaning on them as you would a cane, puffing and blowing and oblivious of one another.

Callner yelled, "Come on, Beane! On the double. Get the lead out of your tail."

Without interest, Patterson looked up. Beane was plodding stubbornly along, not even making the shuffling run that exhausted men make for doubletime.

Callner's voice was sharper. "Shake it up, Beane." Then he suddenly sensed the rebellion in the man and stood, hands on hips, waiting for him.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded as Beane came up.

"Nothing."

"You heard the order, dint you? You heard me say doubletime."

Beane muttered something about not wanting to be in Cadre School anyway.

"What?"

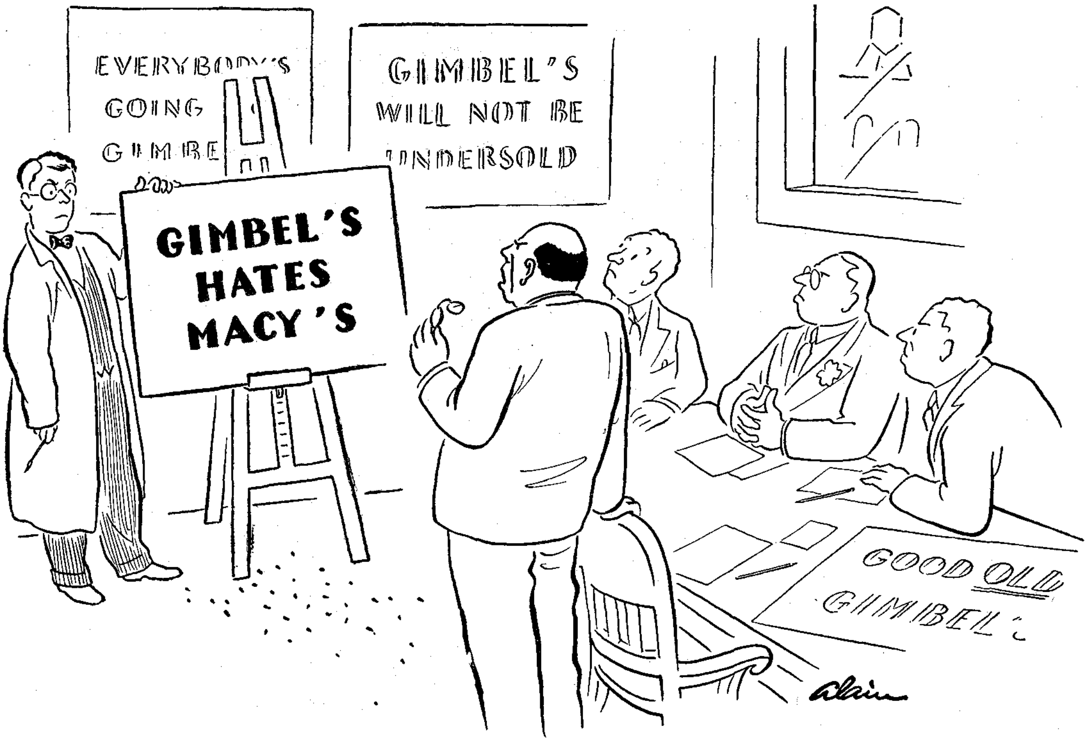
Beane said, "To hell with this, I'm quitting."

"You're goddam right you're quitting," said Callner. "Go over and tell Lieutenant Bayard you can't take it. He'll see that you get out of Cadre School. Get moving."

Beane looked hesitant, then shrugged and walked toward the grove, where Lieutenant Bayard and Sergeant Holly were sitting on upended ammunition boxes.

Callner swung back to the others. "Anyone else? Any of the rest

USE NO HOOKS
U.S.A.
Alan Dunn



"No, that isn't quite it yet, Judson. We want something a little more subtle in its approach."

• •

of you finding this too tough? If you can't take it you can get out right now. Anyone else?"

To everyone's surprise, one man spoke up. "Could I let you know tomorrow, Sergeant?" It was a boy named Ferris, a hulking, not-too-bright fellow from Company D.

Callner jerked his thumb. "Go over to the lieutenant."

Ferris began again, "I think I have a chance at a furlough, but if I'm here at Cadre School I won't get it—"

"Don't give me no argument!" stormed Callner. "Fall out, Ferris. Get out of ranks. Go over to the lieutenant." He glared from one to the other. "Anyone else?"

Patterson had an impulse to put up his hand in the hope that all the others would join with him. Mostly just to see how Callner would take it. But neither he nor anyone else made a move.

"Let me tell you something," said Callner. "Those two wise guys have fixed themselves, but plenty. They'll be off to a P.O.E. in a week. You can bet money on that." Then he said, "On guard!"

They snapped into position and growled.

"Parry right," said Callner, "a long thrust, a short thrust, a horizontal butt stroke, and a slash. Move!"

Just before their next break they saw Beane and Ferris sling their equipment and move off down the road back to camp. They watched them go with a mixture of envy and contempt. And during the break, they didn't talk about it much. Medaglia said, "Maybe that bastard Callner will let up a little now," and Hall said, "Do you suppose Beane really knows anything? Do you think we won't get stripes out of this?"

That was what really hurt, and no one had an answer to it. Wojciechowski looked up from cleaning a thumbnail with a twig. "Maybe we won't get stripes," he said, "but that guy Beane doesn't know nothing. He's always bitching. I know him."

THE last period of the morning was a continuation of bayonet drill and they were doubletimed to the tree once more. "Goddam it, Patterson," Callner said, "I told you to cut out that grinning."

As they plowed through the high grass, Patterson tried to explain to the others. "I wasn't grinning, damn it. I was baring my teeth."

"Blow it," said Levine. "Keep your damn teeth inside your mouth."

At ten of twelve they got into their equipment, slung gas masks and packs, fastened cartridge belts, and put their bayonets in their packs.

Sergeant Holly was to take them in.

He said pleasantly, "A little rough this morning, eh?" Then, in almost hand-rubbing menace, "Well, wait till we get through with you this afternoon. See that hollow down there?" They looked at the thousand-yard stump-and-boulder-filled width of it. "You're going to be crawling across there this afternoon with combat packs and rifles. And, brother, I mean *crawl.*" He stared at them for a few moments, then said, "Detail, 'tenhut! Right hace! Right shoulder, harms! Forrard harch!"

They went off down the road and even Holly's command of "Rest" didn't make the effort of movement any easier. Patterson was thinking: two miles back to camp, then two miles back here. Then an afternoon of crawling through the hollow and a night problem tonight. Three more weeks of this and at the end of it, maybe nothing. Maybe he'd just go back into a training company as a private again.

"What's the matter with you guys?" yelled Holly. "Haven't you got any spirit? Let's hear some singing."

Someone muttered an oath and the men went on in a stubborn silence. It was just stretching to the point where Holly would have to take some action, where they'd probably be doubletimed all the way into camp, when a soldier up front started singing, "I've been workin' on the railroad."

He sang the first two lines by himself and then the others grudgingly joined in. The two dogs bounded along in the tall grass beside them as the singing soldiers went on down the road toward camp.

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

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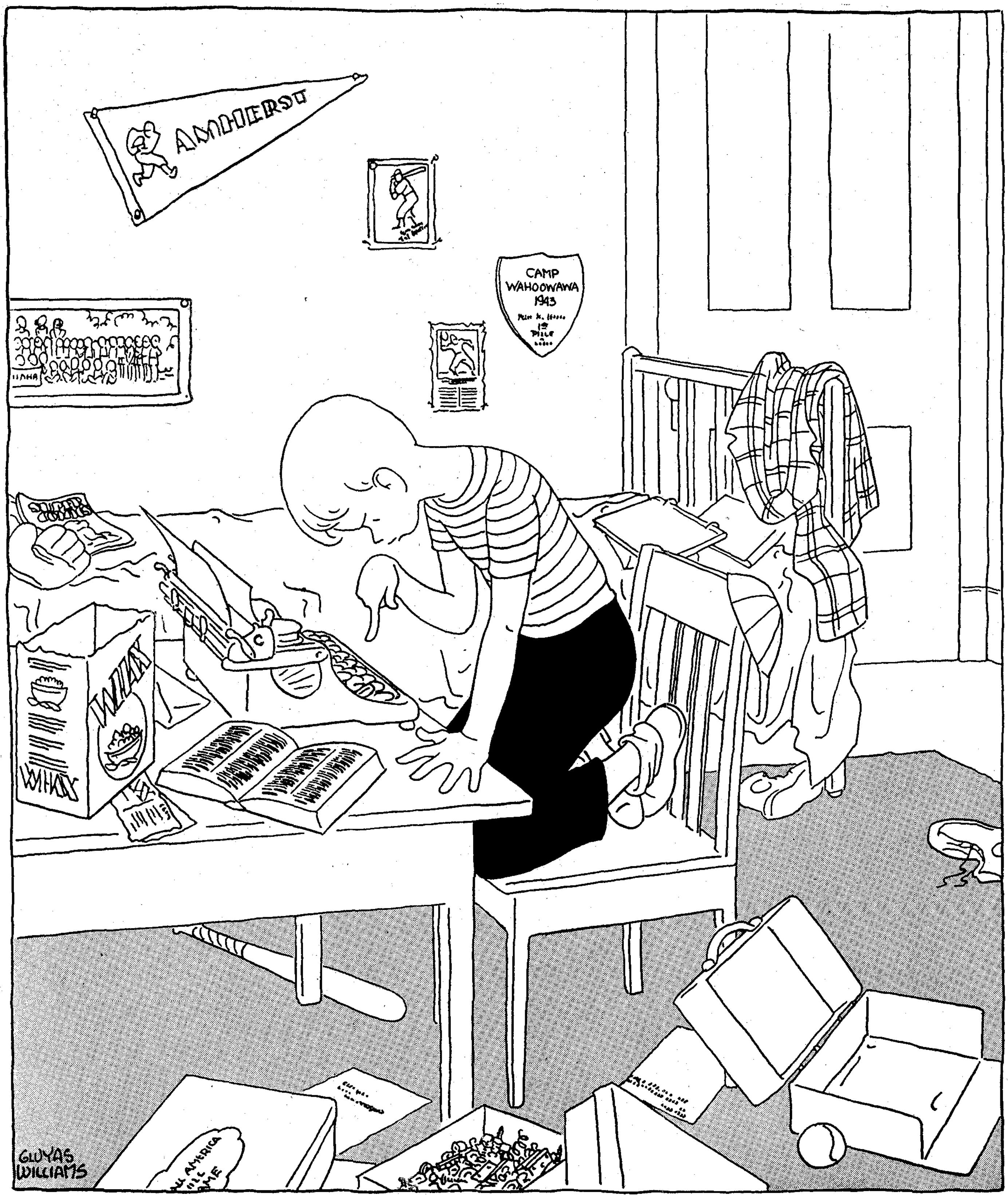
RELEASE

Because you keep your shell
you shall remain a snail
with a mucous belly
and a jelly tail.

But throw aside your wagon
with a large abandon
and you may be a dragon
for a saint to stand on.

For though you be the devil,
it is a better doom
than to go crawling level
in a little room.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING


AMHERST
CAMP
WAHOOWAWA
1943
WHAX
WHAX
GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Contest editor, Station WZOP:—As a modren houswife the reason I serve Whax at every meal is that they taste good and are full of rich, crunchy Vitamin E which wards off troublsome winter colds. Whax takes my husband through a hard day at the office and keeps my four children full of energy. Please send the 1000$ prize to 15 Maple Avenue, Ridgewood . . ."

SEE IT WITH SOMEONE YOU LOVE!

ONE night not so long ago, I walked into a movie house just as the usual previews of coming attractions were being flashed on the screen. One of the coming attractions was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture called "Song of Russia," starring that old boyar Robert Taylor. "Song of Russia" was, according to the blurb, the picture of the century, the picture you have been waiting for, the thrilling saga of a man's love for the woman he loves, and an epic drama in which love like a flame, like a song, comes to a dashing American and an enchanting Russian girl (Susan Peters).

That part was all right. The alarming note was struck at the end of the preview, just after the closeup of the dashing American enfolding the enchanting Russian girl in his arms and gazing into her eyes with love like a flame, like a song. Fadeout. Then, in letters two feet high, the request, nay, the command, "See It with Someone You Love!"

The audience quickly caught the sinister implications of this ukase. Men and women who had been leaning against each other, presumably in affection, sat sharply upright and edged away. Even youth sensed the danger. Little boys who, a second before, when Tovarisch Taylor was devouring Tovarisch Peters with love like a flame, had been giving boisterous, smacking imitations of a kiss, fell uneasily silent. The susurrus of little girls chewing gum abated noticeably. You could have heard a peanut shell crack.

"See It with Someone You Love!" Why? Why do I have to see Robert Taylor with someone I love? Or Gary Cooper, either, or Cary Grant, or Donald Duck, for that matter. I don't have to. The Hollywood Love Cartel cannot make me. I am a free American citizen. I know my rights.

The more I thought about the matter, the more worked up I got, until, boiling with indignation, I almost telephoned Arthur Garfield Hays, of the American Civil Liberties Union. But I do not think I shall have to bother Mr. Hays about this matter. I know just where I stand. I know that I have a right to see Robert Taylor under circumstances of my own choosing. Upside down, if I like. Through a glass darkly, if I prefer. Or with someone I love, if I am in the mood for amorous dalliance. But nobody is going to *tell* me.

What mad caprice do you suppose led Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to suppose it could hoodwink the American public into taking this quixotic dictum lying down? It won't work. It can lead only to evasions, subterfuge, misunderstandings, and violence.

Who is going to determine who is in love with whom? Will the ticket sellers in the movie theatres take the customer's word for it that he is in love with the lady he brings to the show? Or the gentleman she brings, if it happens to be a distaff treat? Or will the customers have to prove their love for each other right there in the lobby? If the latter, then the hell with the picture. I want a season pass for the lobby.

Suppose I am alone in a strange city and want to while away an hour before train time at a picture. How am I going to find somebody I love on a moment's notice in, let us say, Akron, Ohio? How would an Akronite find a loved one to go to a movie with if he were stranded in my town?

Or suppose a young man is head over heels in love with a girl and wants to see "Song of Russia." Well, he is eligible to get in, if he takes her. She is eligible, too, if she loves him. But suppose she does not. Suppose she respects him and is willing to be a sister to him but does not feel that she can walk down life's pathway with him. In that case, she would not be seeing "Song of Russia" with someone she loves; therefore, she couldn't get in. But suppose she *is* in love with another boy. In that case she can get in to see the movie with the party of the first part, i.e., the boy she is not in love with, provided they are accompanied by the party of the second part, the young man she *is* in love with. And provided the party of the second part is in love with the girl. If he isn't in love with her, he will not be seeing the picture with someone he loves. In that case he cannot get in to see the picture unless he brings along a girl *he* is in love with—but this is where we came in.

Constitutional rights aside, it is shortsighted of the Hollywood Love Cartel to attempt to force lovers to go to the movies with each other. If I understand the chief mission of the art of the silver screen, it is to teach love. Apprentice lovers go to the movies to learn love from the master technicians of the art. More experienced lovers attend in order to get new ideas and brush up on old ones. Retired lovers attend in order to criticize and convince themselves that love has gone to the dogs.

Serious-minded student lovers, anxious to get ahead in their chosen profession, would no more make love to each other during a Robert Taylor picture than a couple of science students would neck during a geology lecture. They keep their eyes and attention riveted to the rostrum from which Prof Taylor or Dean Ginger Rogers is expounding and save their demonstrations for the homework period.

In fact, it might be better if lovers went to different movie theatres, or to the same one at different times. If they must go to the same one at the same time, then they should sit on opposite sides of the theatre. Oh, they might sit together during the Fitzpatrick travelogue or the two-reeler on how cork is processed, and then separate the moment the feature is on and Sonny Tufts starts giving Rosalind Russell the eye and Roz starts treating *him* with that loathing that is a sure movie sign she is about to fall for him. At that moment the motto should be "Business before pleasure" and the lover should give all his attention to Teacher. Nor should his inamorata resent this. The dividends she will reap on the front piazza later that night, as a result of her boy friend's study of the Tufts-Russell method, will repay her many times for his seeming neglect.

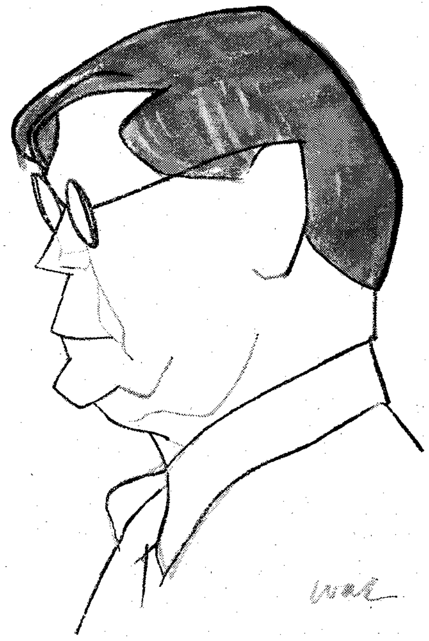
JUST because love is simple and uncomplicated in movie scenarios, Hollywood has got the idea that it is so in real life. Of course, it is nothing of the kind. On the screen, love is dependable. Gary Cooper always marries a nice clean girl like Ingrid Bergman and she always marries a nice clean man like Gary. In real life, love is all mixed up. Rich old ladies marry the grocery boy or the bellhop, and little girls scarcely over the measles get married to forty-nine-year-old Kentucky mountaineers. On occasion love can get even farther away from the Cooper-Bergman standard than that. I once read in Krafft-Ebing of a young man, a plumber's assistant in Stuttgart, who fell madly in love with a linden tree. But her parents objected, so the young assistant uprooted the object of his affections one day, fled with her to a high cliff outside the town, and jumped off. The cliff has been known ever since as Lover's Leap.

"See It with Someone You Love!" The slogan is, of course, a wedge. If the Hollywood Love Cartel gets away with that, no telling where it'll stop. Soon you may not be able to see so much as an O.W.I. short about saving fat unless you have a sweetie pie with you.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

PROFILES

EMERGENCIES, ADVICE FOR



Dr. Bartlett

WHEN young parents speak of "Bartlett's," the chances are better than even that the book they mean is not "Familiar Quotations," by the late John Bartlett, but "Infants and Children: Their Feeding and Growth," by Frederic Huntington Bartlett, M.D., who, now seventy-two, is one of the hardest-working and best-known pediatricians in the city. Since most parents are likely at first to be terrified by their offsprings' fragility and uncommunicativeness, the market for baby books is all but inexhaustible. New mothers collect them as other women collect antique glassware. Fashions in baby books, like fashions in diet and dress, tend to vary from year to year, and in a season in which treating infants as hardy little animal mechanisms was having its vogue one would hesitate to recommend a previous year's best-seller which advised fondling them. However, Bartlett's "Infants and Children," surviving many fashions and outlasting many more startling books on the same subject, has, since it was published, in 1932, steadily led the field, being regarded as a classic of thorough and precise explanation. Its index, which takes up fifteen pages of fine type, runs briskly from "Abscesses, ear and gland," to "Yeast, vitamin properties," and includes "Emergencies, advice for," and such run-of-the-mill family problems as "Dirt-eating," "Firecracker-poisoning," "Rice, cooking time," and "Tongue, white coated." The book is so detailed, in fact, that some pediatricians have complained that it tells too much, while others, hoping that young mothers will buy a copy and thus solve for themselves numerous problems which might otherwise entail hurried night calls, leave the book invitingly open on their waiting-room tables.

The sale of the book has risen along with the country's birth rate. Before the war it was selling at the rate of three thousand copies a year, but more than six thousand copies were sold in 1943. A new and revised edition was published early this year. The book is extremely popular in England, and a South American edition will be coming out shortly. Dr. Bartlett regards the success of his book, as he does his professional success, with unfeigned astonishment. Shortly after the book was published, a friend wrote him to ask if it had been put on sale. "For God's sake," he wrote back, "what do you think I wrote a book for? On sale? I should say it is on sale. The sale has even carried it across the seas, and I hear it is being used in Switzerland, Italy, France, and England. Laugh that off." Occasionally he will demand of friends, "Extraordinary, isn't it? I get letters from all over the world. Mothers who say I've saved their children's lives. Never saw the mothers. Never saw the children. Don't see how it's happened."

Dr. Bartlett speaks with the combined accents of upstate New York, where he was born, and Harvard, where he got his university education. All things considered, the two accents blend well; the first is most pronounced in the "damn"s and "rotten"s which spatter his speech, and the second in the "charming"s and "delightful"s which decorate it. The antecedents of his gait are not so easily traced; it combines the wildly lunging motion of Groucho Marx with the uneasy toeing-out of Donald Duck. Dr. Bartlett covers ground at a good speed and is not quickly winded. A heart condition of many years' standing makes it unwise for him to climb subway steps two at a time, as he would like to do, but in making his rounds at the Babies' Hospital, his white jacket open, his stethoscope trailing from his pocket, he has the look of a man being blown through the corridors by a gale. This effect is enhanced by the way he uses, or doesn't use, a comb and brush. He is reputed to part his hair, which is thick and gray, with his fingers, and, since he lets it go uncut for months, it gradually spills down over his forehead, then to the tops of his ears, and finally to his tufted eyebrows. By the time his family, secretary, and friends lead him, protesting, to a barbershop, his eyes are peering out at them from behind a fringe of tangled locks as thick as an old English sheep dog's.

Because Dr. Bartlett is short and stocky and has a look of good-humored rebelliousness in his small, weathered face, he has often been compared to sheep dogs, terriers, and other canines. Patients, or, more properly, the mothers and fathers of his patients, have also, from time to time, detected a resemblance to Lionel Barrymore. This may be either because Barrymore has played, in a long series of movies, the part of Dr. Gillespie, an outwardly severe but inwardly kindly physician, or because Dr. Bartlett shares the Barrymore tendency to over-act. One of his favorite rôles is a man who has no idea what is going on. "Good God, don't look at me!" he will say to a mother, throwing up his hands in mock despair. "*I* don't know what's the matter with your child!" Then he will add, "You want me to give you a name for it, don't you? All right, then, call it grippe. Make an equation out of it: ignorance equals grippe and grippe equals ignorance."

As medical men are quick to point out, the height of self-confidence in a physician is to pretend ignorance. Dr. Bartlett's manner of dressing is also, perhaps, an indication of his poise. He is honestly impatient with such appurtenances as belts and neckties and has been known to wear a gauze mask out of the hospital and all the way home on the subway, but his air of bemused slovenliness is both conscious and somewhat stylized. When a Long Island mother telephoned to ask how her chauffeur, who was to meet Dr. Bartlett at the local station, would be able to recognize him, he told her, "If he sees somebody in a wrinkled suit, torn collar, and run-down shoes, with a battered hat and shaggy hair, somebody who looks like a dirty old bum, that'll be me." His favorite costume, which he wears on weekends in the country, is blue denim shirt and pants, but in the city he sticks to suits of gray or brown, colors which help to conceal the age and condition of his clothes. According to legend, he entered the New York Hospital as an intern with one suit of underwear and one white shirt and left it two years later with one suit of underwear and one white shirt.

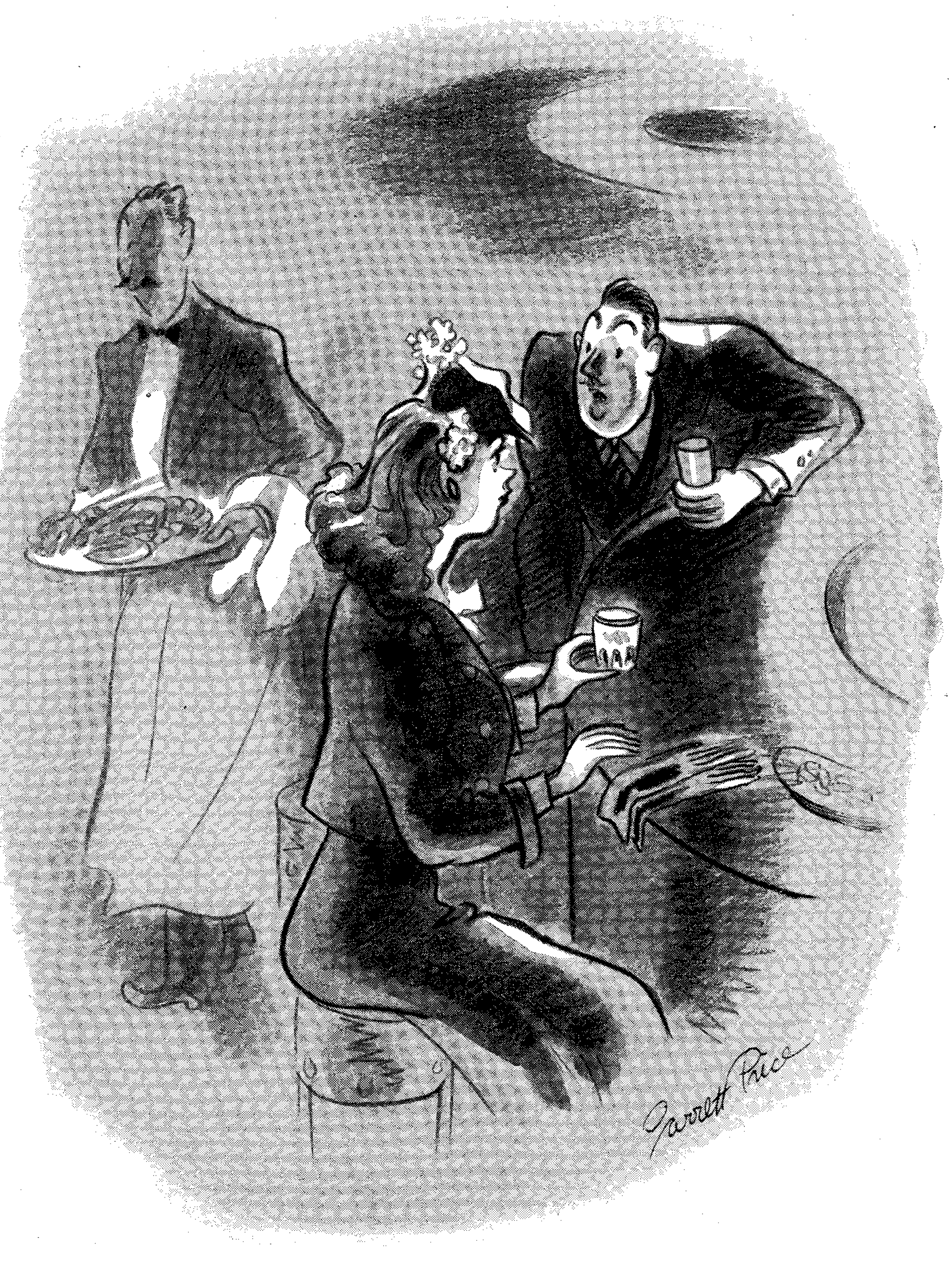
Dr. Bartlett protests mildly that it wasn't necessarily the same shirt.

Like his attitude toward dress, Dr. Bartlett's absent-mindedness is no less real because it is slightly studied. It takes continuous plotting by telephone and messenger on the part of his secretary and the mothers of his patients to keep him abreast of his house calls. He likes to write down the names and addresses of the patients he is expected to visit on slips of paper and put them in his pockets, but the slips invariably get misplaced as the day goes on. Finally, aware that something is wrong, Dr. Bartlett stops at a drugstore, phones his secretary, and says penitently, "Don't be cross, Miss Simpson, but where am I supposed to be now?" He seemingly pays no attention to time. Doctors who have served as interns under him at the Babies' Hospital recall that he used to drop in on them at one or two in the morning and talk about art, religion, or baseball until daybreak. Late one evening in Albany, informed at the station that there would be a twenty-minute wait between trains, he went out for a brisk walk and didn't get back until nine the next morning. He had spent an enjoyable night exploring the streets of the city. Fortunately, this forgetfulness works both ways. He has been known to pay a call on a sick child in a tenement and to stay in the flat for days, sleeping on a couch in the living room and nursing the child until it is out of danger.

Dr. Bartlett readily admits his derelictions. A mother at whose house he didn't keep an appointment sought to save him embarrassment at their next meeting by patting his hand and saying, "We've heard how busy you are, and I want you to know that I understand perfectly." "It wasn't a question of being busy," Dr. Bartlett answered. "I simply forgot all about you."

Dr. Bartlett has what is known, to his dismay, as a *Social Register* practice, but, as he frequently says, his lack of tact has lost him enough rich patients to make up the most lucrative practice in town. He is an ardent and vocal enthusiast for a redistribution of wealth and for high taxes. "Some of the parents I have to deal with tell me they think Roosevelt ought to be shot for starting the New Deal," Dr. Bartlett says. "I tell 'em, 'By God, the New Deal wasn't just invented by one man, it's been past due for a thousand years!'" This sort of talk has earned him the reputation, among the parents of many of his patients and among his better-heeled medical associates, of being an out-and-out Communist. One of his oldest friends, a fashionable obstetrician, said recently, "Why, he's a red-hot Red, Freddy is, a crackpot. I don't see how he can have helped earning thirty or forty thousand a year for the past twenty years, but he lives in a dirty little street in the Village and hasn't a cent to his name."

LIKE his manner of dress, lack of tact, and failure to save money, Dr. Bartlett's politics seems to the people with whom he associates to be a plain act of betrayal. Dr. Bartlett's background is, however, not at all what many of his colleagues assume. His father owned the drugstore in Fayetteville, a town near Syracuse which had, when he was born there, in 1872, a population of less than a thousand people. The Bartletts were considered prominent, if eccentric, citizens. They lived in a large Victorian house and used china and silverware



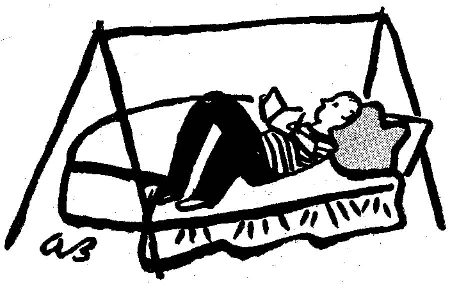
"I do hope you'll forgive me for staring. I was wondering if I could pick you up."

which the townspeople still talk about. However, the family had almost no capital, and Frederic's father spent whatever he managed to save in educating Frederic's older brother. Frederic, having attended the local grade schools and earned a little money by working in his summer vacations, one day announced to his father that he had decided to go to Andover and Harvard. Bartlett Senior protested that he was not likely to get far, but Frederic replied that anybody with seventy-five dollars to start with ought to be able to get an education. As it turned out, he did. He achieved this by working as a janitor and tutoring backward students at Andover and by tutoring students and winning several scholarships at Harvard. Frederic's parents had expected him to become a minister (he had even been named after an Episcopal bishop), but the skepticism of James, Royce, Santayana, and other such men on the faculty was too much for him, and he decided to become a teacher. Upon graduating from Harvard in 1895, he accepted a post at the newly founded Pomfret School. There he not only taught English, Latin, algebra, and French history but played on the football and baseball teams as well, a legitimate practice in those days. He sent part of his small salary to his brother to help him get through medical school. At the end of two years, feeling that he needed the dignity of a master's degree to aid him in his pedagogical career, he left Pomfret and enrolled at Columbia, where, in due time, he received an M.A. for a thesis "On the Folly of Teaching Teachers How to Teach."

Dr. Bartlett wasn't through with Columbia yet, however. He immediately began a thesis on "The Latin Elements in Shelley's Poetry," for his Ph.D. degree. While he was working on this, he was offered the job of tutoring the children of Dr. L. Emmett Holt, then one of the leading pediatricians in the country, at the Holt summer place in the Adirondacks, and he accepted. There he met a girl from Rochester whom he married shortly afterward. Five months later, she died of tuberculosis, and he gave up his work at Columbia. Dr. Bartlett rarely refers to his first marriage.

From that time on, his career, as he sees it, was a series of highly accidental steps which happen to have brought results. He explains his departure from Columbia after his wife's death by saying, "I just thought I'd like to take a look at the West. First I got a job at a boys' prep school in California, then a job teaching English at Leland Stanford. It was delightful out there in those days. Everything looked new, even the sunsets. People were still innocently buying gold mines, and I bought a part of one myself. I asked my father to send me all the money I had left in the bank at home, about a hundred dollars, and he wrote me saying, 'My dear son: I am sending you the money as you asked me to do. I am praying to my heavenly Father on bended knees that you will lose every penny of it.' " Recalling this, Dr. Bartlett shouts with laughter. "And I did!" he says. "Damned if I didn't lose every single penny!"

At Stanford, Dr. Bartlett met a Miss Eleanor Pearson, who was also a member of the English department. She was a native of Brookline, Massachusetts, a Radcliffe graduate, and one of the founders of the Castilleja School, a private school for girls, in Palo Alto. They fell in love just about when Dr. Bartlett was discovering that, after all, he didn't want to be a teacher but a doctor. "Maybe teaching came too easy to me," he says. "Maybe it was because of my friendship with Dr. Holt. Maybe it was because my brother, who had got his M.D., found that he disliked medicine and wouldn't practice. He just went back to Fayetteville to take over the family drugstore. Or I may have felt that the family honor was at stake—some fool thing like that. Anyhow, I came East and enrolled at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. I was nearly thirty by then, but I felt that I'd hit at last on what I really wanted to do. Eleanor came East a short while later and we got married. She had a little money, enough to keep us alive. Her family regarded me as a fortune hunter. Took 'em years to decide that it wasn't money I cared for."



The marriage took place in 1902. After graduating from P. & S. in 1905 and serving as an intern for two years,

LANDSCAPE WITHOUT FIGURES

The shape of the summer has not changed at all.
There is no difference in the sky's rich color,
In texture of cloud or leaf or languid hill.
The fringed wave is no duller.

Even the look of this village does not change—
Shady and full of gardens and near the sea.
But something is lacking. Something sad and strange
Troubles the memory.

Where are they?—the boys, not children and not men,
In polo shirts or jeans or autographed blazers,
With voices suddenly deep, and proud on each chin
The mark of new razors.

They were workers or players, but always the town was theirs.
They wiped your windshield, they manned the parking lots.
They delivered your groceries. They drove incredible cars
As if they were chariots.

They were the lifeguards, self-conscious, with little whistles.
They owned the tennis courts and the Saturday dances.
They were barbarous-dark with sun. They were vain of their muscles
And the girls' glances.

They boasted, and swam, and lounged at the drugstore's portal.
They sailed their boats and carried new records down.
They never took thought but that they were immortal,
And neither did the town.

But now they are gone like leaves, like leaves in the fall,
Though the shape of the summer has not changed at all.

—Phyllis McGinley

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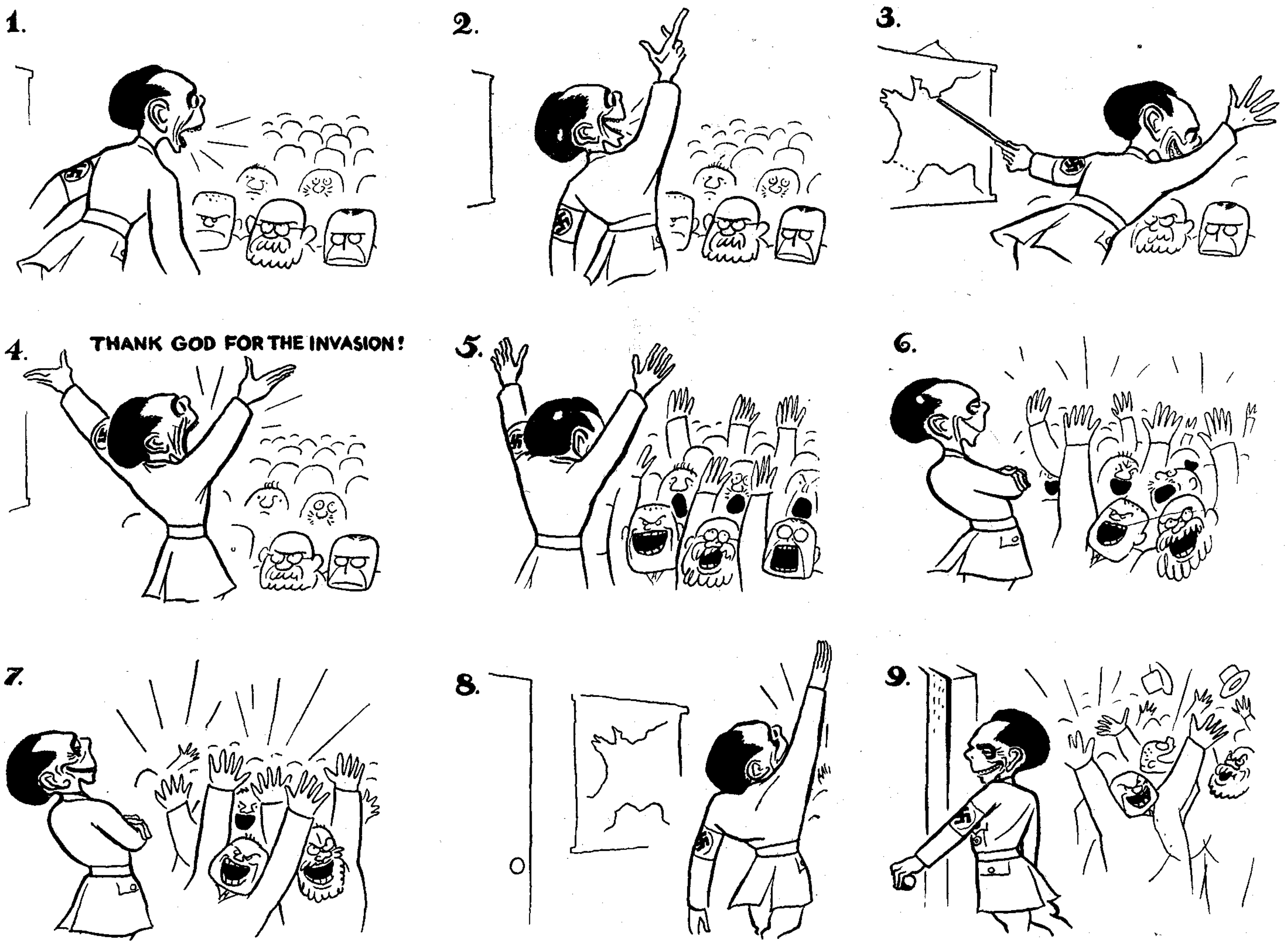
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THANK GOD FOR THE INVASION!
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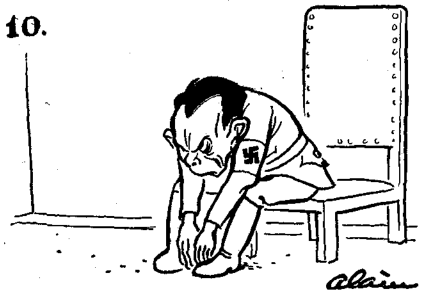
Dr. Bartlett began practice as Dr. Holt's assistant and stayed with him for several years. Dr. Holt was at the height of his fame, and working under him was considered the greatest possible opportunity for a young pediatrician. No two men could have been less alike than Dr. Holt and Dr. Bartlett. Dr. Holt was thin, rather distant, and meticulous in his dress; Dr. Bartlett was stocky, genial, and looked so much like a tramp that it was said that his colleagues handed him money every so often to get his hair cut and to buy a new suit. Dr. Bartlett had a habit of smoking a pipe while he examined a baby. If the mother of the patient protested, Dr. Bartlett would blow a cloud of thick blue smoke toward the baby and say, "Good for his lungs, Madam, good for his lungs."

TWO children were born to the Bartletts. The first, Phyllis Brooks, is now the wife of John Pollard and an assistant professor of English at Queens College, and the second, Frederic Pearson, a lieutenant (j.g.), has just finished a course at the Navy School of Military Government and Administration at Columbia. Immediately after he was born, in 1909, Mrs. Bartlett died. For the next dozen years, as Dr. Bartlett's professional success increased, his life was disturbed by a series of half-tragic, half-comic ups and downs. He would ship both children off to stay with relatives in the country, then he would have Phyllis live with him and send Frederic away to visit someone else, then Frederic would be established in bachelor quarters with his father and Phyllis would be packed off to boarding school. Dr. Bartlett is not at all certain how the children were brought up or where he and they lived, and the children remember their father during this period mostly just as a man with a little black bag ducking busily in and out of the house at all hours of the night and day.

At one time, Dr. Bartlett and his son and an old Fayetteville friend named Harry Andrews lived in an apartment on Lexington Avenue, and it was there that Dr. Bartlett worked out a rather unusual system of housekeeping. One of its most dashing features was that meals were served not on tablecloths or doilies but on copies of the *American Medical Journal.* After every meal, Dr. Bartlett would just rip off the top page of each *Journal*, leaving a fresh page ready for the next meal. Ingenious as this and other devices were, they did not last long. Dr. Bartlett announced one day, to his friends' surprise, that he was about to remarry. Instead of simplifying his domestic affairs, as he had apparently expected, this marriage seems merely to have added complications to a situation already hopelessly out of hand. Dr. Bartlett, his new wife, her son, Dr. Bartlett's two children, his friend Harry Andrews, a musician who had drifted into Dr. Bartlett's family circle, the musician's wife, and a German butler who had been a cornettist in a street band all moved into a large (but



not sufficiently large) house in the East Sixties. On the ground floor, Dr. Bartlett set up his office and waiting room, which were always crowded with howling infants and troubled and equally articulate mothers. The musician composed on a piano in the drawing room and the musician's wife, who was a singer, practiced her scales in the dining room. The new Mrs. Bartlett, who also sang, practiced *her* scales in the upstairs bedrooms and hall. Meanwhile, Phyllis, who was taking ballet lessons, played records on a victrola which stood in the waiting room and danced and executed her *pas seuls* to their music out by the front door, and the German butler passed the time with his cornet in the basement.

Dr. Bartlett's patients have always been a notoriously hardy group, and they have become used to looking forward to and actually enjoying the unexpected, but the continuous high tide of confusion which surged through the house appears to have been more than even the absent-minded Doctor could bear. When we went to war in 1917, he leaped at the opportunity to be of service to his country and to escape bedlam. He was commissioned a major and, until 1919, served as medical chief and, for a short while, as commandant of the base hospital at Camp Jackson, in South Carolina. In 1921, he and his wife were divorced. By then, he was back in practice in New York and was becoming celebrated as a consultant. Although he did not know it, his domestic life was at last about to enter a period of serenity. He happened one day to meet Mrs. Edwin C. Woolley, the widow of a member of the Department of English at the University of Wisconsin, and the next year she and Dr. Bartlett were married. Along with her son Charles, now a lieutenant in the Army, they moved to a small walkup apartment on the second floor of an old, rather shabby building at 26 Jones Street. They have lived there ever since. Mrs. Bartlett, a white-haired, distinguished-looking woman, is as unconventional in her ideas and as warmhearted as Dr. Bartlett, and they appear to have enjoyed each other's company greatly. Annie, the colored maid who has worked for them since shortly after their marriage, has been heard to say, "Why, they just like two children together. Every morning for nineteen years I see him go in and kiss her goodbye and then he goes out in the hall and taps goodbye again on the wall and she taps goodbye to him from the other side of the wall, and *that's* the way those children behave."

The Bartletts do not believe in making plans for the future, and Dr. Bartlett has always distributed his wealth as fast as he earned it. There have been the children to educate, relatives back home to be helped, friends in need, artists and musicians to sponsor, and countless hundreds of sick babies to care for whose parents could not pay doctors' bills. As often as they could, the Bartletts went to Europe, tourist class, but such holidays sometimes consisted of little more than a weekend in Paris. One of the purposes of these vacations was to enable the Doctor to escape that torment of all doctors, the persistently ringing telephone, but he was not always successful. Checking in at the Hotel de Fleurus, in Paris, one evening, he was informed that the American Embassy in Moscow was calling. It turned out that the Embassy had traced him from 26 Jones Street to the Hotel de Fleurus on behalf of an American singer in Moscow whose children had fallen ill. Dr. Bartlett gave some advice by phone and sent off further instruction by diplomatic pouch the next morning.

Some years ago, Dr. Bartlett bought, for a more nearly permanent retreat from his New York practice, an old farmhouse in Litchfield, Connecticut. He works seven days a week in town throughout the winter, but he spends nearly every weekend of the summer at what he likes to think of as the farm. He gardens furiously from morning to night, interrupted only by telephone calls and prolonged sessions of Simonizing his car, a task which requires from two to four months to complete. Since he is licensed to practice medicine in Connecticut, he cannot resist making an occasional house call in the surrounding countryside, and so the telephone rings only slightly less steadily than it does in New York. Once a worried mother called him from Arizona. After listening for half an hour to a variety of unimportant symptoms, Dr. Bartlett said cheerfully, "Why don't you try giving the child half an aspirin?" The mother wrote him a letter expressing her unbounded gratitude.

Dr. Bartlett is famous for restoring confidence to anxious parents by merely chatting with them over the phone. "I never tell them not to worry," he remarks. "That's a fool thing to say—not to worry! Good God, of course the parents are bound to worry about their child! The great difficulty in treating babies is that they can't tell you they're in pain, or, if they feel pain, where it is localized. That's why the qualities which make a good horse doctor make a good pediatrician. He has to have what I call the touch. He has to be able to feel with his fingertips and sense with his eyes what's wrong." Dr. Bartlett has often been called a doctor's doctor. A younger pediatrician said of him recently, "Freddy's about the last of that old tribe of virtuosos who seemed to be able to diagnose a disease by black magic. They had a saying that if you couldn't tell what was wrong with a patient from the foot of the bed there was no use in bothering to go to the head of the bed. Then the trend began to swing the other way, so much so that young doctors were making their diagnoses from charts, blood tests, and chemical analyses without even glancing at the patient. Now we like to think we've found a happy medium, but as far as I can see, Freddy never lost it."

There are many legends about Dr. Bartlett's skill at making offhand but highly accurate diagnoses. The appearance of offhandedness is actually the result of years of observation and of a study so persistent that when, as he grew older, he began to find it difficult to carry around heavy medical books, he hit on the device of ripping out a few pages of text every day and reading them on the subway. He once glanced at a child he was examining for the first time and said flatly and instantly, "Leprosy." He had never before seen a case of leprosy, and the odds were thousands to one against finding one in New York. It turned out that the child and its family had recently been in a tropical country and the child had caught the disease there. Again, noting that a child who had unaccountably fallen ill had a greatly dilated vein above the bridge of its nose, Dr. Bartlett said, "Looks like a brain tumor to me. Better operate." An operation was performed and a tumor successfully removed. Dr. Bartlett claims not to remember these incidents. "Sounds like damn poor medicine to me," he says.

DR. BARTLETT's years of observation and study made it possible, in "Infants and Children," for him to cover in extraordinary detail almost every possible problem of child care. He has set down this information in a colloquial yet reassuringly dogmatic style, a reflection of his gift for teaching. Publishers had been urging him to write a book for more than ten years before John Farrar, of Farrar & Rinehart, finally worked out the strategy by which he was trapped into doing the job. Every Thursday evening for a year or more, Farrar and his wife went to dinner at 26 Jones Street. Afterward, while Farrar and Mrs. Bartlett chatted, Dr. Bartlett dictated to Mrs. Farrar. As soon as a chapter was finished, the chapter which had been dictated the preceding Thursday was read aloud to the rest of the group, criticized, and, wherever necessary, clarified. Looking back on those days, the Bartletts and Farrars find it difficult to understand how they were able to devote so much time to the composition of the book, but the time was 1932 and both publishing and the practice of medicine were more leisurely than they are today.

The first two sentences of the book, possibly among the most decisive and sweeping first sentences ever written, are: "Human milk is meant for babies. Cow's milk is meant for calves." They are a fair sample of what the book contains and how it is written. It is frequently repetitious, perhaps because it was dictated, but Farrar & Rinehart say that this is the very quality which comforts nervous mothers, and that after all the book was designed to be consulted, not read straight through. For example, after outlining for several pages a precise formula for feeding by calories, Dr. Bartlett concludes:

> I don't mean that this plan is foolproof. It is simply a good indication whether you are under- or over-feeding your baby. The solid food that is introduced into the diet is not taken into consideration in this figuring of calories. In other words, the solid food is extra. This, of course, seems inconsistent, but it works out well. Do not let this caloric scheme worry you.

Throughout the book, Dr. Bartlett shows at least as much sympathy for the mother as for the baby. Once he says, "In some instances, mothers are so upset by the smell of cod liver oil that they cannot bear to give it to their babies. In these cases, viosterol must be substituted." Later, describing the best method of bathing a baby, Dr. Bartlett attempts to cover most of the contingencies in what is, to new mothers, a daily crisis:

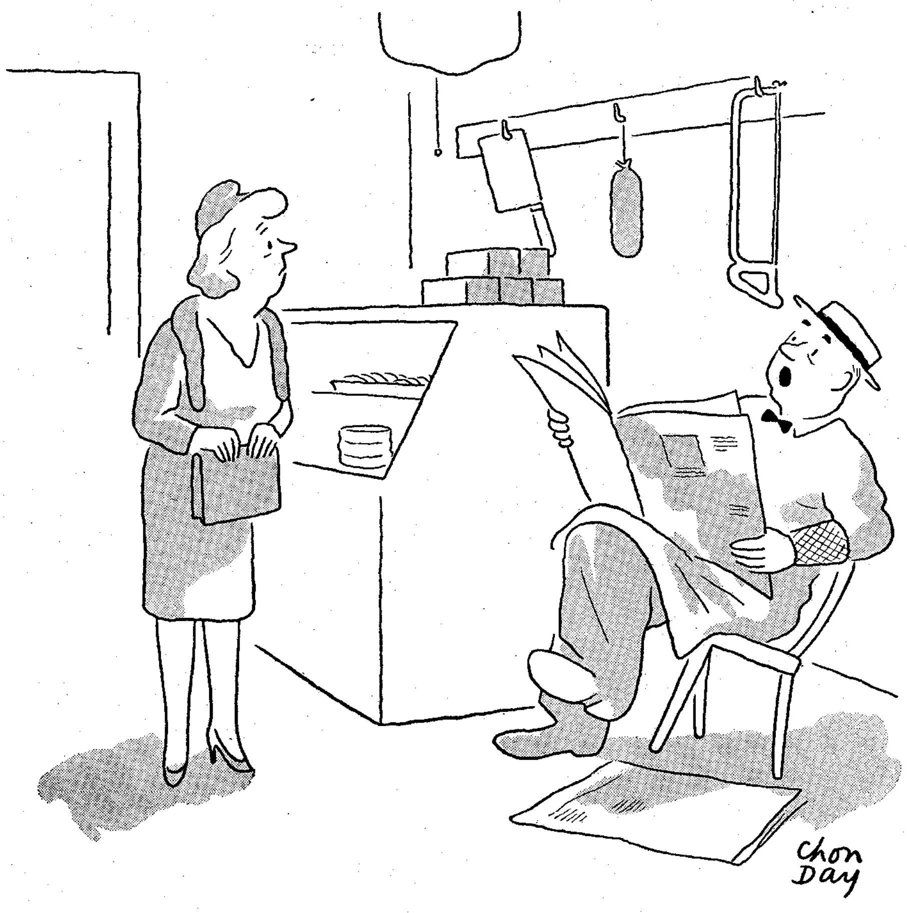
> Infants are very slippery to handle when they are wet and soapy, and so I advise your holding and lifting them in this way: Slip your left hand, palm upward, under the baby's neck and grasp his left arm just below the armpit. His head and neck will thus rest on your arm. Slip your right hand, also palm upward, under the baby's buttocks and grasp his left thigh. When you lift the baby, his head and upper back and his buttocks will be supported and you will have a good grip on his arm and leg. You may be able to work out a better way of holding him, perhaps by gripping his ankles with the right hand.
>
> At any rate, lift him carefully and put him slowly and gently into the water so that he will not be frightened and will get accustomed to the water. The bath time will be much pleasanter for you if your baby enjoys it and doesn't cry too loudly from fright the entire time. An infant who has been dropped with a splash into too hot water, with good reason will scream and cry at every bath time for weeks afterwards.

His tone becomes severe only once, and that is at the beginning of a chapter on habits like thumb sucking and dirt eating:

> This subject, which I call Habits, has been called by many, "Bad Habits." These are all common habits but there is no reason why they should be labeled "bad." Almost all children have one or more of these habits. They are natural and you should not be upset about them. The "breaking" of these habits, as it is usually phrased, is often worse than the habits themselves . . . I know of no more stupid phrase than "to break a habit." Habits cannot be broken. You will break a child's spirit in attempting to break a habit. You can perhaps lead a child out of a habit or you can divert him into doing other things and thus have him lay aside the habit, but if you think you can break a habit as you would break a colt you are very much mistaken.

Many younger pediatricians consider Dr. Bartlett's "Infants and Children," from the point of view of modern child psychology and psychiatry, behind the times. Dr. Bartlett's reply is that the book was written for mothers of ordinary intelligence and education and that if any really urgent problem arises the child should be taken to a doctor. He is amused at being called old-fashioned, since his contemporaries have always regarded him as a hopelessly unstable radical. "God only knows what a good pediatrician is supposed to be," he says. "Mothers don't think of us merely as doctors but as carpenters, electricians, and toy repairmen. A mother once phoned me to come at once to her apartment. When I got there, it turned out that she had seen a rat and what was I going to do about it? I went out and rented a ferret and got rid of the rat. It was all in the day's work."

THE day's work, for Dr. Bartlett, begins at seven-thirty. From then until nine-thirty, while he shaves, dresses, and eats breakfast, the tele-



"Did you have an appointment?"

phone at 26 Jones Street keeps up an all but continuous ringing. He advises disturbed mothers and arranges for his morning's house calls, writing down names and addresses with infinite care on the little wrinkled slips of paper he will later lose. At nine-thirty he raps goodbye to Mrs. Bartlett and meets Rocco Sandano, a cab driver, in the street below. Rocco has been taking the Doctor on his rounds for over eleven years, and they have managed to wear out three cabs together. Once a week they decide how much the Doctor owes Rocco, and Rocco gets a check. Rocco figures that these checks come to about twelve hundred dollars a year. He and the Doctor crisscross up the East Side, making calls between the Sixties and the Nineties, then drive to the Babies' Hospital, at 167th Street and Broadway. There Rocco leaves the Doctor and gets to work on his sideline of ordinary hacking.

Dr. Bartlett is the cutup of the Hospital, where he expects everyone from Dr. Rustin McIntosh, its head, to the youngest student nurse to call him Freddy. He refuses, in fact, to answer anyone who calls him anything else, and he makes up for the nurses and patients whatever names strike his fancy. He has a reputation among the nurses of being rather a gay dog, and they all titter with apprehension and delight at his approach. Except on Wednesdays, when he teaches in the out-patient clinic, he finishes his rounds at the hospital by one o'clock and then takes the subway and crosstown bus to his office, at 115 East Eighty-second Street. Because the doctors in the hospital dining room insist on talking shop, he prefers picking up a quick lunch in a drugstore or cafeteria on his way to the office. He pays no more attention to what he eats than to what he wears. He entered the office in triumph one afternoon recently to announce that he had just had a fine lunch for fifteen cents. He could not recall, however, what he had eaten.

Dr. Bartlett shares his office with an associate, Dr. Kenneth Metcalf, and a neurologist who bears the unlikely name of Angus Macdonald Frantz. The office is presided over, or kept in a state of good-humored and noisy eruption, by Miss Hazel Simpson, who serves as nurse and secretary to all three men. Miss Simpson is tall, dark, and frolicsome, and has worked for Dr. Bartlett since 1932. She refers to him as "my old man," or simply as "Bartlett." She keeps his accounts, sends him to barbershops, bullies him, and in general wards off chaos. From two to six every day except Wednesdays and Sundays, the office is filled with the hair-raising screams of sick or merely frightened children, the clatter of Miss Simpson's high heels as she dashes up and down the corridor from office to office answering phones and looking in files, and Dr. Bartlett's cheerful, easygoing, affectionate voice as he examines a child and says to Miss Simpson, "Throat clear, heart normal, chest well rounded, liver and spleen normal . . ."

Shortly after six, Dr. Bartlett takes the subway home to the Village. He and Mrs. Bartlett have dinner together and get to bed by ten. The Doctor likes to read for an hour or so before going to sleep. He has always been a prodigious reader. "I can't read anything later than Proust. Nobody since Proust will tell me *everything*," he sometimes complains. Supposedly to conserve the Doctor's strength, the Bartletts entertain no more than once a week, but Dr. Bartlett makes fun of this rule, for he regards himself as more or less indestructible. He was deeply offended when, after Pearl Harbor, his application for an Army commission was turned down. A while ago, after tripping on a curb and taking a tumble which broke his nose and cut his face badly, he refused to stay home from work more than half a day. X-rays showed that the cartilage of his nose was all but pulverized, but he insists stubbornly, "You know, that fall was a wonderful thing. It must have removed some obstruction. I never breathed so well in my life."

Dr. Bartlett has reached the age at which he is taking care of the children of the children of whom he once took care, an age at which the average pediatrician feels entitled to retire. Even if it were financially possible, however, he would not consider giving up his practice. He rather enjoys the picture of, as he puts it, "poor Bartlett tramping the streets" while most of his contemporaries are toying with their Westchester or Long Island gardens. "I've never been an especially introspective person," he says. "I've always enjoyed myself hugely, and I mean to go on doing just that." For the fortieth anniversary report of the Harvard class of 1895, Dr. Bartlett attempted to enliven the publication by writing, "The only public service I can report is keeping out of jail." Then, so that none of his classmates should be too severely shocked by this evidence of levity in an old, widely known, and deeply respected physician, he added wistfully, "I am convinced of the importance of the light touch." —BRENDAN GILL

•

Our warships shelling the stronghold are now answered only by sporadic ire from the shore.—*The Times.*

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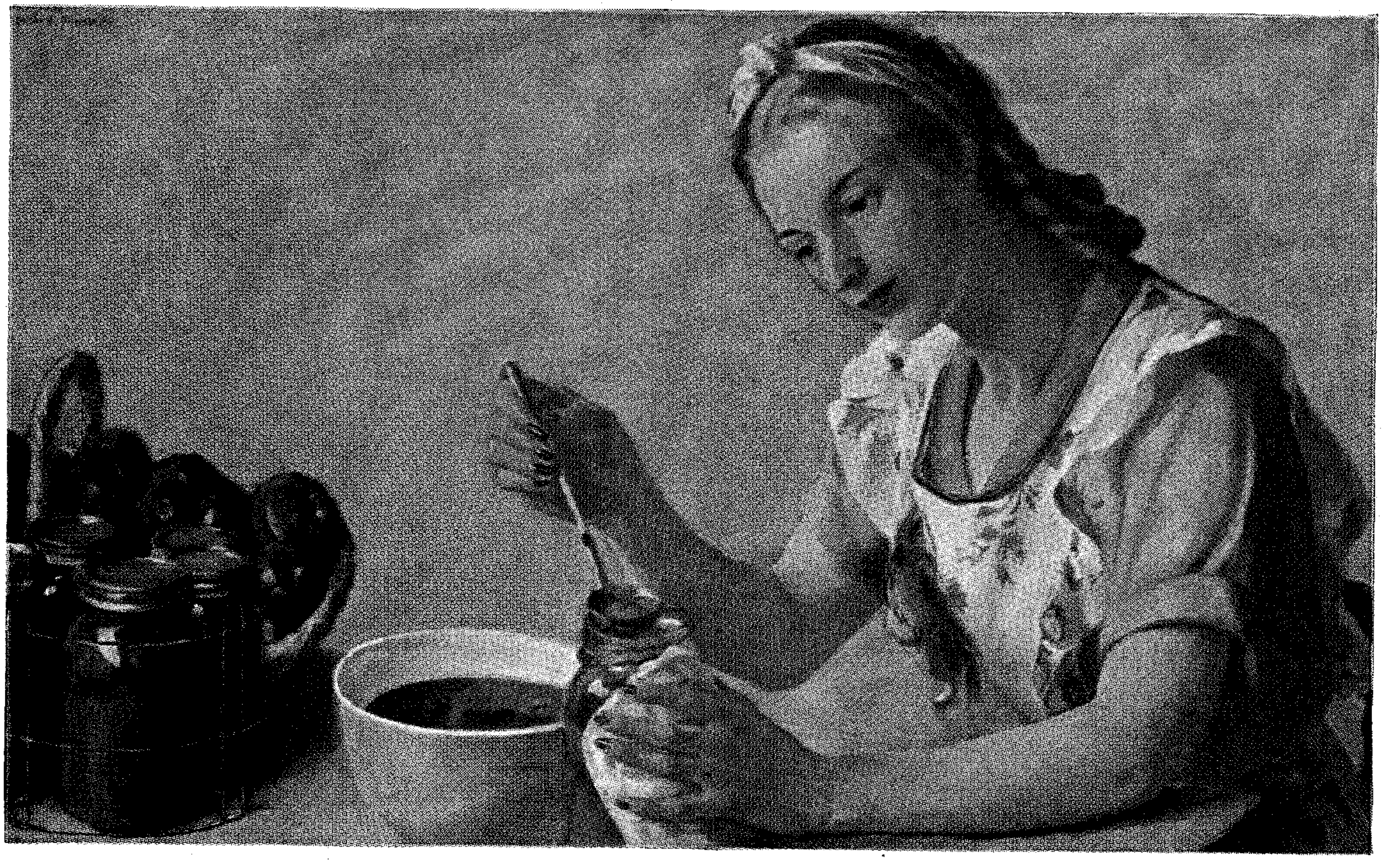

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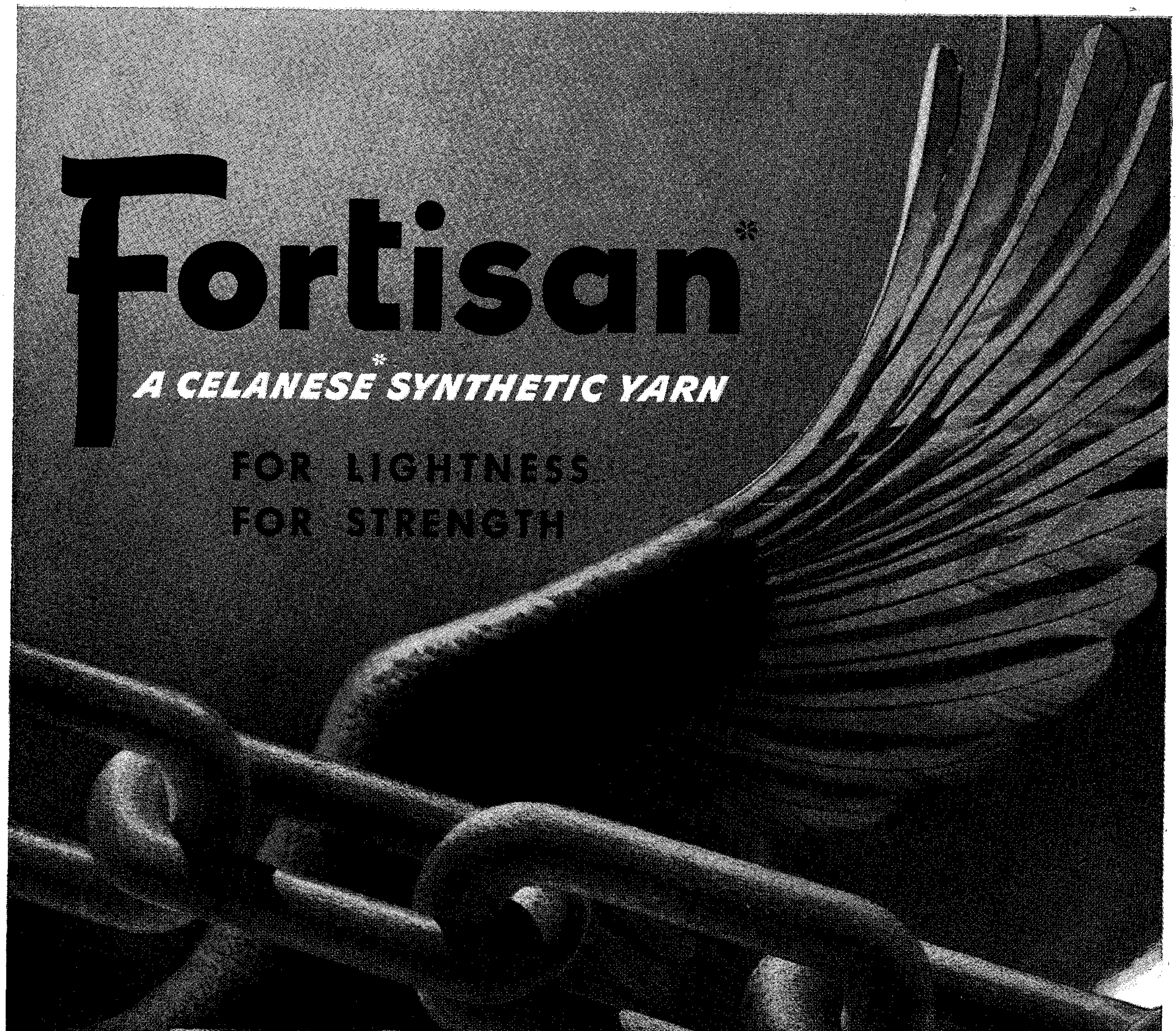

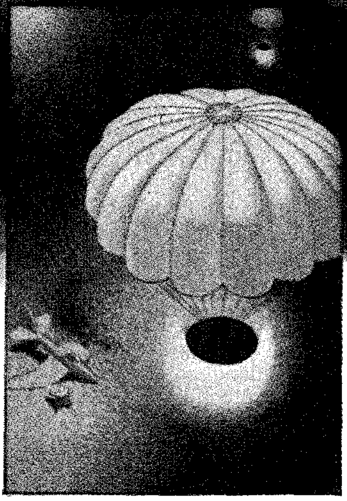

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Underdose of Bears and Battle

IT'S hard to do justice in twenty minutes to a segment of the war as full and violent as the Allies' Italian campaign, even that part of it which ended in Rome on June 4th. In fact, it's plainly impossible, and "The Liberation of Rome," released for the War Department by the O.W.I., is strictly a sketch on the head of a pin, a military miniature whisked past your eyes so swiftly that you have to look quick to notice that the detail is faithful and the proportions are true. Some day the thousands of alumni of this campaign, and maybe others too, will want a larger helping of the camera record. No war operations up to now, including those in Africa, have been better or more completely photographed. The British and American Army men who made most of the stuff inconvenienced themselves in several cases to the point of getting killed, and "The Liberation of Rome" shows enough to indicate how this may have happened.

Granted that twenty minutes is all the public and the exhibitors can use of Italy for now, the editors have done a skillful job. The dramatic unities of the story are imperilled by the bloody time drag before Cassino and Pescara, which bothered General Alexander's staff as much as it would a playwright, but a dose of montage and a good sense of balance get the picture over the hump. I might add that the narrative is purely military—no politics, no city life, and, apart from one atrocity shot, civilians for backdrop purposes only.

THERE are a couple of new musicals, new in the sense that the titles have not been used before. It strikes me that a judgment on "Sensations of 1945" must be made mathematically. Eleanor Powell is supported in this one by a cast of horses, bears, and members of her own lodge. Most of the time Miss Powell argues the ethics of press agentry with Dennis O'Keefe. The rest of the time she and the livestock dance or ride bicycles and W. C. Fields does a knockabout number. Unhappily—if not tragically—the former phase outnumbers the latter by a clean half hour.

As for "Step Lively," it takes a self-possessed crooner, and Frank Sinatra is all of that, to survive such a vehicle with a whole hide. Hollywood is very respectful toward George Abbott, from whose stage production of "Room Service" the picture is derived. She figures that his trick is to have characters run back and forth across the stage as fast as possible, and she adjusts this dodge to the range of her wider horizons by having them run several kilometres, both clockwise and counter-clockwise, through many hotel rooms instead of just one. There is a posse, headed by George Murphy, which would trample or submerge the ordinary singing star. Singing stars are mainly stationary. But Sinatra has a cool head and a nice eye. Whenever the pack closes in, he lies down on his back on a bed or a dance floor and the thundering feet pass over him. Between times, he sings. You may have observed, if you've seen him in person, this artist's rather cynical (though justified) attitude toward the words of his songs. Every now and then he makes a gesture—a deep, quiet one. It may come on the word "love," or it may come on the word "stockyards," or just on a semicolon. It is something like a clock denoting the quarter hours. Nuances do not bother Mr. Sinatra, nor does kidding. Though he rose to fame on the wings of bobby-sock passion, he is hankered for in this picture by only two women, both of voting age, and he seems to be able to take them or leave them alone.

SOME of the neighborhood houses are offering a patchwork collection called "Good Old Days," in seven widely varied acts. The longest, neither good nor very old, is D. W. Griffith's "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Much better, funnier, and older, though abridged, is a William S. Hart Western with Anti-Saloon League overtones. Much better and older is "The Great Train Robbery." Best of all are the Dempsey-Willard fight pictures.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

In its tapa cloth cover the invitation read: "He kauoha i ka ahaaina keia. Ma ka hale o C. R. Christiansens, ma ka po ekolu a keia mahina i ka hola cono kanakolu." Which means when translated: "You are cordially invited to a Luau on the evening of July 3rd at the hour of 6:30 P.M."—*The American Home.*

How did that Swede sneak in there?

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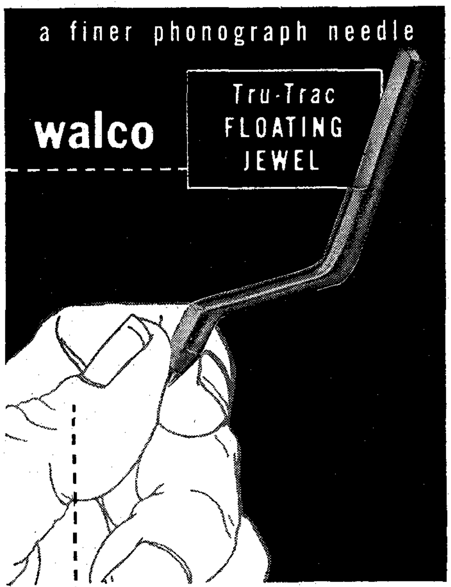

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THE RACE TRACK

Greener Pastures

After nearly three weeks of cramped, grimy Aqueduct, I thought that the stand at Jamaica had an almost Belmont Park spaciousness. Even the infield seemed refreshingly greener. I suppose that it is rather late in the day to be complaining about the Queens County Jockey Club's plant, but you notice narrow aisles and other discomforts more on sticky afternoons when twenty-one thousand racegoers try to fit themselves into a grandstand built to accommodate eleven thousand. As for those crowds, it's just as well that the Empire City meeting is again being held at Jamaica this year. Even the most devoted admirers of the little track near Yonkers will have to admit that the place simply wouldn't be big enough.

It takes a miraculously short time for almost any racer to become a little idol of the horseplayers, I have observed. A three-year-old who wins three stakes races in succession, for example, does the trick hands down. It seems too bad that, just when By Jimminy was about to become the wonder horse of the age, Stir Up and Lucky Draw should beat him in the Empire City Stakes last weekend. Now all the bright-eyed second-guessers are declaring that By Jimminy wasn't really a good colt but just a lucky one. They point out that when he ran so well at Aqueduct he had a big advantage in the weights, whereas in the Empire City he met Stir Up and Lucky Draw on even terms. It's true enough about the weights, but I suspect that By Jimminy was polished off in the Empire City because he followed the fast early pace of Lucky Draw. Furthermore, and at the risk of being graded with the Class D excuse-makers, I suggest that By Jimminy may not have liked Jamaica so well as Aqueduct, where he wasn't beaten once.

While we're on the familiar subject of horses for courses, let me point out that Stir Up has won all of his starts at Jamaica this season: the Experimental Handicap and the Wood Stakes last April, a trifling $5,000 event early last week, and the $50,000 Empire City. He hasn't done at all badly in the matter of money either, for he has collected a bit over $100,000 for the Greentree Stable since he came out at Hialeah last February. No doubt Stir Up and By Jimminy will run for the Classic Stakes in Chicago next week. First time there for both, and the guessing privileges are yours.

A couple of months ago, when we were at Belmont Park, I submitted a minority report that Twilight Tear was not only the best three-year-old filly but was better than the three-year-old colts, not excepting Pensive. Dissenters argued that this was rather a large order, because Twilight Tear hadn't yet beaten a filly named Durazna and wasn't likely to, and that it was improbable that she would ever be run against Pensive, for they are stablemates. Well, maybe you noticed how easily Suzie, as the Calumet Farm stablehands affectionately call Twilight Tear, disposed of Durazna in the Princess Doreen Handicap at Washington Park not so long ago and how thoroughly she beat Pensive in the Skokie Handicap only the other day. That made it nine victories in a row for Suzie.

Back at Jamaica again: if you were playing horses by numbers, the usual way these days, you ought to know about one combination that should go into the records. In the first and second races last Thursday, the order of finish was the same—No. 3 first, No. 2 second, No. 5 third, and No. 12 fourth. I'd give you the odds against a repetition of such an occurrence if I hadn't burned out a bearing of my calculating machine trying to tot it up. The No. 3 horse in the second race, as it happened, was Early Delivery, ridden by Meade, and it was the thirty-fifth time Meade had won on the old fellow.

—Audax Minor

•

Dear Miss Thorndike: I represent 10 puzzled girls who really have a problem and I'm sure that there are many more like us. We are all 16 and all go with boys the same age. Our problem is how to "get rid" of the boys when they take us home. We don't like to be rude and embarrass them by telling them bluntly to "go home." Please tell us what to say to them.

The Puzzled Ten.

Miss Thorndike replies:
Smile. Say, "Thank you, I had a lovely time." Offer your right hand, but don't let it linger in his. Open the door. Say, "Good night." Step in. Close the door.

—*Boston Post.*

Hard enough to break a boy's toe.

OF ALL THINGS

A RUMOR is going the rounds that Hitler has taken charge of the Western front in place of Field Marshal von Rundstedt. Unfortunately, this is probably just wishful thinking.

•

The Chinese still manage to find time for social activities. In observance of the seventh anniversary of their war, they gave the Japs a delightful surprise party at Hengyang.

•

It is now the Democrats' turn to suffer for their country. They, too, must journey all the way to Chicago to find out who is going to ride in their rumble seat.

•

On the Russian front, the Nazis are retreating somewhat faster than they advanced three years ago. This is undoubtedly because they know their way better now.

•

At this writing, the Red Army has reached a point only a hundred miles from East Prussia. The war may soon be back where it came from.

•

Wendell Willkie has not announced whether he is going to support the Dewey ticket. The forecast for this week is "partly cloudy and continued cool."

•

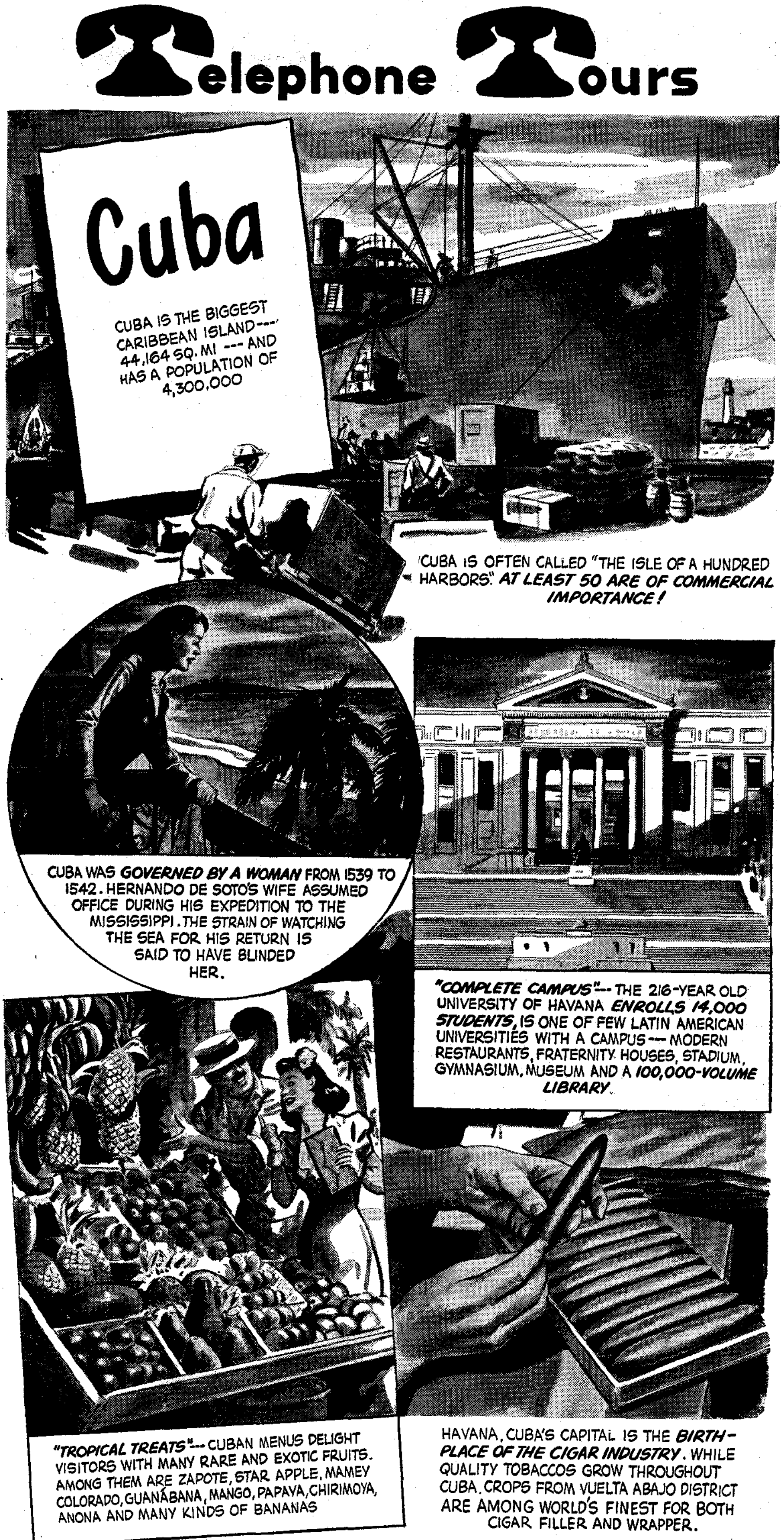
Republicans are worrying over the story that the President may deliver his acceptance speech from Normandy. They feel that this would be a brazen attempt to show that the Commander-in-Chief has something to do with the war.

•

It seems probable that the Germans expected the robot bombs to frighten the British people into demanding an end of hostilities. Winged bombs would constitute a characteristic Nazi version of the dove of peace.

•

Du Pont promises that after the war it will produce nylon stockings so sheer that you will hardly be able to see the runs in them. One gets the impression that this kind of hosiery will be almost as good as none at all. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



CUBA IS THE BIGGEST CARIBBEAN ISLAND--- 44,164 SQ. MI --- AND HAS A POPULATION OF 4,300,000

CUBA IS OFTEN CALLED "THE ISLE OF A HUNDRED HARBORS." *AT LEAST 50 ARE OF COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE!*

CUBA WAS *GOVERNED BY A WOMAN* FROM 1539 TO 1542. HERNANDO DE SOTO'S WIFE ASSUMED OFFICE DURING HIS EXPEDITION TO THE MISSISSIPPI. THE STRAIN OF WATCHING THE SEA FOR HIS RETURN IS SAID TO HAVE BLINDED HER.

"COMPLETE CAMPUS"--- THE 216-YEAR OLD UNIVERSITY OF HAVANA *ENROLLS 14,000 STUDENTS*, IS ONE OF FEW LATIN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES WITH A CAMPUS --- MODERN RESTAURANTS, FRATERNITY HOUSES, STADIUM, GYMNASIUM, MUSEUM AND A *100,000-VOLUME LIBRARY*.

"TROPICAL TREATS"--- CUBAN MENUS DELIGHT VISITORS WITH MANY RARE AND EXOTIC FRUITS. AMONG THEM ARE ZAPOTE, STAR APPLE, MAMEY COLORADO, GUANÁBANA, MANGO, PAPAYA, CHIRIMOYA, ANONA AND MANY KINDS OF BANANAS

HAVANA, CUBA'S CAPITAL IS THE *BIRTH-PLACE OF THE CIGAR INDUSTRY*. WHILE QUALITY TOBACCOS GROW THROUGHOUT CUBA, CROPS FROM VUELTA ABAJO DISTRICT ARE AMONG WORLD'S FINEST FOR BOTH CIGAR FILLER AND WRAPPER.

Telephone communication helps bring good neighbors closer together. Cuba and the United States have been linked by telephone service since 1921.

Bell System Telephone Service

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

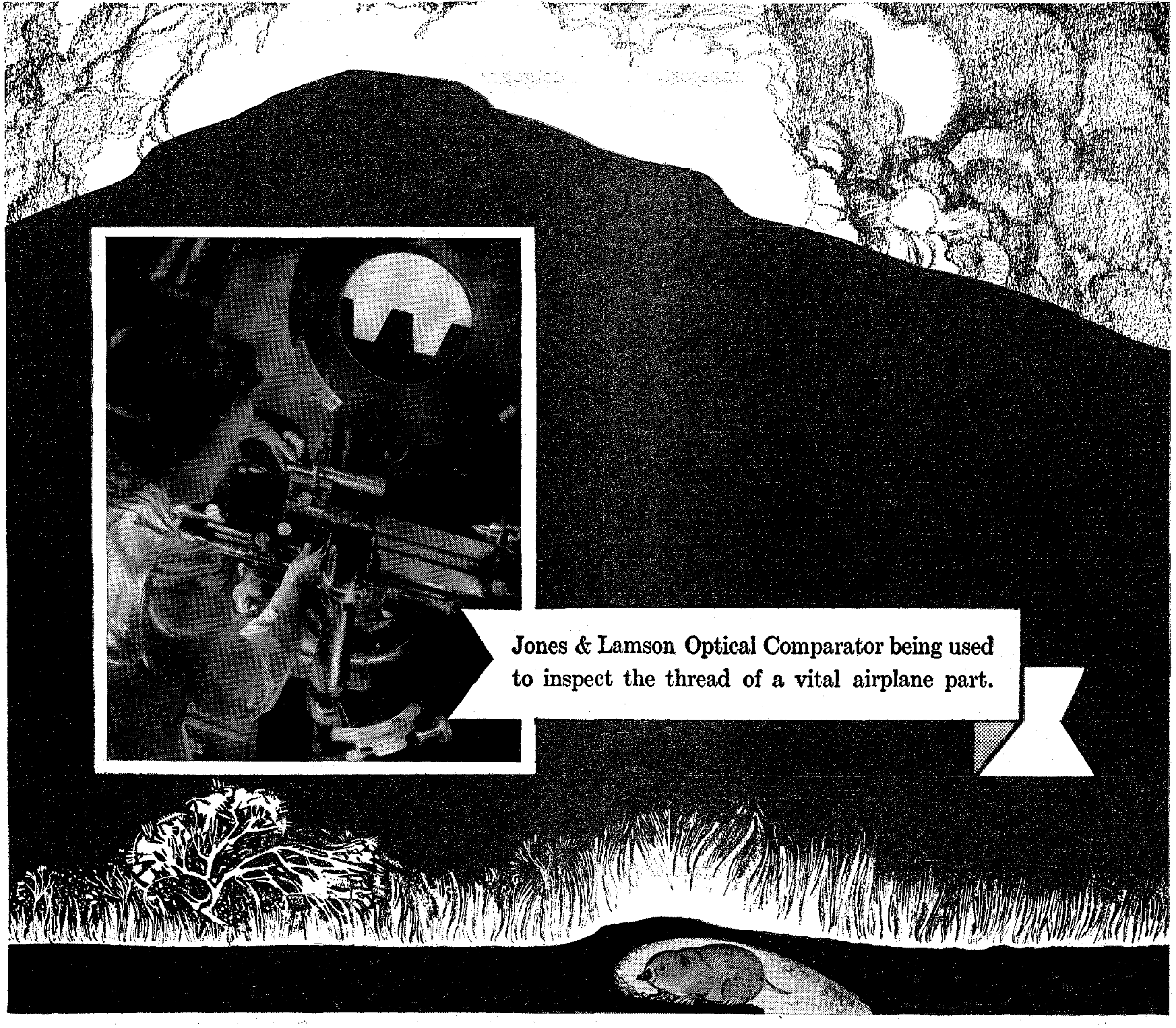
A REPORTER AT LARGE

CROSS-CHANNEL TRIP—III

ON the morning of D Day-plus-one, the LCIL (Landing Craft Infantry, Large) on which I lived was like a ship with a hangover. Her deck was littered with cartons of tinned rations left behind by the land fighters she had carried to the Norman shore. There was a gap where the starboard ramp had been and there were various holes in the hull and hatches to mark the path of the anti-tank shell that had hit her while she had been on the beach. Everybody aboard was nursing a headache. The big fellows running the show had found nothing for us to do since our one run to the beach, which we had reached at 7:35 A.M. on D Day. The reason we hadn't been sent in again was that the German resistance was so strong that now the troops were being taken in only on smaller craft, which offered smaller targets. So we hung around in the Channel, waiting for orders and talking over the things that had happened to us. The men in the engine room, which was so clean that it looked like the model dairy exhibit at the World's Fair—all white paint and aluminum trim—had sweated it out at their posts during the excitement on deck and the engine-room log had been punctiliously kept. On the morning of D-plus-one, Cope, the chief machinist's mate, a tall, quiet chap from Philadelphia, told somebody that from the order "Drop stern anchor" to the order "Take in on stern anchor," which included all the time we had spent aground, exactly four minutes had elapsed. Most of us on deck would have put it at half an hour. During those four minutes all the hundred and forty passengers we carried had run off the ramps into three feet of water, three members of our Coast Guard complement of thirty-three had been killed, and two others had rescued a wounded soldier clinging to the end of the starboard ramp, which had been almost shot away and which fell away completely a few seconds later. The experience had left us without appetite. I remember, on the afternoon of D Day, sitting on a ration case on the pitching deck and being tempted by the rosy picture on the label of a roast-beef can. I opened it, but I could only pick at the jellied juice, which reminded me too much of the blood I had seen that morning, and I threw the tin over the rail.

By D-plus-one we were beginning to eat again. That morning I was on the upper deck talking to Barrett, a seaman from North Carolina, when we saw a German mine go off. It threw a column of water high into the air and damaged a ship near it. German planes had been fiddling around above our anchorage during the night, without bombing us; evidently they had been dropping mines. We had seen three of the planes shot down. Barrett looked at the water spout and said, "If we ever hit a mine like that, we'll go up in the air like an arrow." Barrett had bet a pound, even money, that we would be hit during the action. I asked him if he had collected the bet and he said, "Sure. As long as we got hit whether I take the money or not, I might as well take it." In the wardroom, Kavanaugh, the communications officer, talked to me about Bill, one of the Coast Guard boys who had been hit. Kavanaugh, who had censored Bill's letters, said, "Bill began every letter he ever wrote, 'Well, honey, here I am again.' " Long, the engineering officer, told me about a patch he had devised that would expand in water and would close up any underwater holes in the hull, and seemed rather to regret that he had had no chance to try it out. Lieutenant Henry (Bunny) Rigg, commander of the landing craft, kept repeating a tag line he had picked up from Sid Fields, a comedian in a London revue: "What a performance! What a performance!" But the most frequent subject of conversation among both officers and men was the fate of the fellows we had put on the beach—an Army platoon of amphibious engineers and a platoon of a naval beach battalion—usually referred to collectively as "those poor bastards." We had left them splashing through shallow water, with tracer bullets flying around them and only a nearly level, coverless beach immediately in front of them and with a beach pillbox and more of the enemy on a cliff inshore blazing away with everything they had. We had decided that hardly any of our men could have survived.

Late that afternoon our landing craft got an order to help unload soldiers from a big troopship several miles off the French shore. We were to carry the men almost as far as the beach and then transfer them to Higgins boats. One of our ramps was gone and the other one was not usable, and it would have been superfluous cruelty to drop a soldier with a full pack into five feet of water, our minimum draught. We gathered from the order that the Germans were no longer shooting on



Jones & Lamson Optical Comparator being used to inspect the thread of a vital airplane part.

Making Mountains out of Molehills!

There are people who *must* make mountains out of molehills. They are those who must detect and measure the microscopic irregularities that would, if undiscovered, swell scrap heaps, retard production and even endanger lives.

Jones & Lamson Optical Comparators enlarge minute imperfections to conspicuous size. By the use of the Comparator, inspectors of tools and products can *see* and *measure*, accurately and quickly, faults that might elude other means of inspection.

Jones & Lamson Optical Comparators are made in various models to meet every need. Ask Jones & Lamson inspection engineers how you can use them to expedite and improve inspection in your plant. Ask them today!

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MACHINE COMPANY
Springfield, Vermont, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of: Universal Turret Lathes • Fay Automatic Lathes • Automatic Double-End Milling and Centering Machines • Automatic Thread Grinders • Optical Comparators • Automatic Opening Threading Dies and Chasers.

LISTEN: JULY 15, 1944

Examples of fast footwork by CBS Stations at H-Hour, D-Day:

St. Louis, Mo.—Hearing the official invasion flash, KMOX switchboard operators got 206 key citizens out of bed and told them to keep tuned to KMOX.

Los Angeles—Chet Huntley, in the midst of a pep talk to the night shift at Douglas Aircraft at 12:40 a.m. PWT broke in with Eisenhower's Communique No. 1, and you ought to have heard the riveters.

Boston, Mass.—At an alumni dinner of WEEI's Fourth Announcers School, a speaker said to the new graduate-announcers, "This is a night you will long remember." After dinner, Alumnus Lee Vincent left to make his first professional appearance at the microphone. While he was on duty, the invasion flash came through. So did Vincent.

Washington, D. C.—In 2½ hours WTOP producers on D-Day re-wrote, re-scored, rehearsed, re-directed and put on a regularly scheduled serial program so that each character said a brief prayer for the men fighting on the Normandy beaches.

Chicago, Ill.—At 5:30 a.m. CWT, on the morning of invasion, WBBM posted a huge map showing the landing points of the Allied troops in its new booth in Wrigley Circle.

Cincinnati, O.—Besides notifying by phone 500 families in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, CBS affiliate WCKY piped by direct wire invasion news to five downtown motion picture theatres during the day.

★

How sharply radio took the forefront of popular attention on D-Day appeared in a Hooper survey. From 8 to 12 that forenoon, radio sets-in-use jumped to 118% above normal; from noon to 6 were 106% above normal; throughout the normally-high listening period of the evening gained 36%; thus showed a 78% gain for the whole day. Not until 6 days later had listening returned to its pre-invasion level.

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CBS

the beach; this, at least, represented progress.

The soldiers who lined the decks of the transport, all eager to get ashore at once, belonged to the Second Division; they wore a white star and an Indian head on their shoulder flashes. A scramble net hung down the port side of the vessel, and soldiers with full equipment strapped to their backs climbed down it one by one and stepped backward onto our landing craft. As each man made the step, two seamen grabbed him and helped him aboard. It often took as much time to unload the soldiers from a big ship as it did for the ship itself to get from Britain to the Norman coast, and it seemed to me that a small expenditure on gangplanks of various lengths and furnished with grapples, like the ones used in boarding operations in ancient naval battles, would have sped these transfers more than a comparable outlay for any other device could possibly have done. While we were loading the men, a thirty-six-foot craft approached us on the other side. There were two other thirty-six-footers there side by side already. The newest thirty-six-footer got alongside the outer one of the pair of earlier arrivals and the crew boosted up a man who had been standing in the stern of the boat and helped him on to the other craft. The man made his way unsteadily across both of the intervening thirty-six-footers to us, and men on the boats passed his gear, consisting of a typewriter and a gas mask, along after him. He was in a field jacket and long khaki trousers without leggings. The clothes were obviously fresh out of a quartermaster's stores. He wore the war correspondent's green shoulder patch on his field jacket. His face and form indicated that he had led a long and comfortable life, and his eyes betrayed astonishment that he should be there at all, but he was smiling. Some of our Coastguardsmen helped him over our rail. He said that he was Richard Stokes of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, that he had been a Washington correspondent and a music critic for many years, that he had wanted to go overseas when we got into the war, and that he had finally induced his paper to send him over. He had got airplane passage to Britain, where he had arrived two weeks before, and had been sent to the invasion coast on a Liberty ship that was to land men on D-plus-one. "It seems just wonderful to be here," Stokes said. "I can hardly believe it." He had been very much disappointed when he found out that because of the violence of the German resistance, the Liberty ship was not going to land her passengers for a couple of days. The ship's captain had said to him, "There's another crowd going ashore. Why don't you go with them?" Then the skipper had hailed a boat for him. "And here I am," said Stokes. "It's too good to be true." He was sixty-one years old, and the world seemed marvellous to him. He said he had never been in a battle and he wanted to see what it was like.

We got all our soldiers—about four hundred of them—aboard and started in toward the same stretch of shore we had left in such haste thirty-six hours before. The way in looked familiar and yet devoid of the character it had once had for us, like the scene of an old assignation revisited. The house with the tower on top of the cliff was now gone, I noticed. The naval bombardment, although tardy, had been thorough. Scattered along the shore were the wrecked and burned-out landing craft that had been less lucky than ours. Several of our men told me they had seen the LCT that had been burning off our port quarter on D Day pull out, still aflame, and extinguish the fire as she put to sea, but plenty of others remained. Small craft came out to us from the shore that had so recently been hostile, and soldiers started climbing into them, a less complicated process than the transfer from the troopship because the highest points of the small craft were nearly on a level with our main deck. I could see occasional puffs of smoke well up on the beach. They looked as if they might be the bursts of German shells coming from behind the cliff, and I felt protective toward Stokes. "Mr. Stokes," I said, "it seems to be pretty rough in there." He didn't even have a blanket to sleep on, and he didn't have the slightest idea whom he was going to look for when he got in; he was just going ahead like a good city reporter on an ordinary assignment. He watched two boats load up with soldiers and then, as a third came alongside—I remember that the name painted inside her ramp was "Impatient Virgin"—he said, "Mr. Liebling, I have made up my mind," and went down and scrambled aboard, assisted by everybody who could get a hand on him. He got ashore all right and did some fine stories. A couple of weeks afterward he told me, "I couldn't stand being within sight of the promised land and then coming back."

THERE was nothing for us to do during the daylight hours of D-plus-two, but toward eight o'clock in the evening we got an order to go out to another troopship and unload more Second Division soldiers, who were to be taken to a beach next to the one where we had landed on D Day. The ship was an American Export liner. Several other LCILs were also assigned to the job of emptying her. I was on our bridge with Rigg when we came under her towering side, and the smell of fresh bread, which her cooks had evidently been baking, drove all other thoughts from our minds. Rigg hailed a young deck officer who was looking down at us and asked him if he could spare some bread. The officer said sure, and a few minutes later a steward pushed six long loaves across to our bridge from a porthole at approximately our level. They were an inestimable treasure to us. Everything is relative in an amphibious operation; to the four-man crews who operate the thirty-six-foot LCVPs, which are open to the weather and have no cooking facilities, an LCIL seems a floating palace. They would often come alongside us and beg tinned fruit, which they would receive with the same doglike gratitude we felt toward the merchantman for our bread.

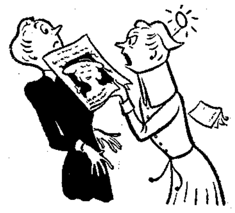
The soldiers came aboard us along a single narrow plank, which was put over from the port side of the troopship to our rail, sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees. We pitched continuously in the rough water, and the soldiers, burdened with rifles and about fifty pounds of equipment apiece, slid rather than ran down the plank. Our crew had arranged a pile of ration cases at the rail, right where the gangplank was fastened, and the soldiers stepped from the end of the plank to the top case and then jumped down. We made two trips between the merchantman and the small boats that night, and only one soldier fell, and was lost, between the ships during the whole operation. That, I suppose, was a good percentage, but it still seemed to me an unnecessary loss. On our first trip from ship to shore, while we were unloading soldiers into small boats a couple of hundred yards off the beach, there was an air raid. The soldiers standing on our narrow deck, with their backs to the deckhouse walls, had never been under real fire before, but they remained impassive amid the cascade of Bofors shells that rose from hundreds of ships. Much of

LIFE
Richard Decker

"QUIT YANKING AT ME!"

War Conscience: Kiddo, yanking's one of my milder tricks! So you were gonna toss those papers and magazines into the incinerator! So they were cluttering up the house! Didn't think your War Conscience would let you get away with stuff like that, did you?

Woman: But those few...



War Conscience: Yeah, those few! Haven't I told you before that every little bit helps? Haven't I told you that Uncle Sam needs every scrap of waste paper to pack food and ammunition, to make parachutes for dropping supplies, and to replace more critical materials? Listen, Sister, we're trying to win a *war!*

Woman: Hm-mm! Guess I was a little confused... but I didn't sleep worth a hoot last night and can't seem to make the wheels turn. One cup of coffee with dinner and I'm up half the night with the mice in the pantry!

War Conscience: Oh-ho! Let's make a little deal. If you'll get on the beam about your paper-salvage job, I'll let you in on the secret of sleeping success... the coffee that lets you sleep like sixty!

Woman: What? *Real* coffee that lets me sleep?

War Conscience: Just what I said, Lady. If it's the caffein in coffee that keeps you awake...gorgeous, luscious, scrumptious 97% caffein-free Sanka Coffee is your dish! It does everything but kiss you good night! And as for *flavor*... Baby, Sanka Coffee is the nuts de la nuts! Try a cup tonight! Just try it!

SANKA COFFEE

For delicious iced coffee—make Sanka Coffee double strength (2 heaping tablespoons to one cup water). A product of General Foods.

The STARLIGHT ROOF
·At Dinner·
XAVIER CUGAT
& his Orchestra with MARINA
·At Supper·
XAVIER CUGAT
his Orchestra & Choir
alternating with
MISCHA BORR & his Orchestra
MARINA and
HERMANOS WILLIAMS TRIO
Cover from 10:30, $2...No Cover for Service Men & Women in Uniform
BUFFET LUNCHEON (Except Sunday)
SUNDAY DINNER...Mischa Borr and his Orchestra for dancing
Selective dinners (No Cover)
The WALDORF-ASTORIA

RITZ-CARLTON
Garden
COOL AND COMFORTABLE
For dinner and supper
RESERVATIONS
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AIR CONDITIONED
Cotillion room
MYRUS
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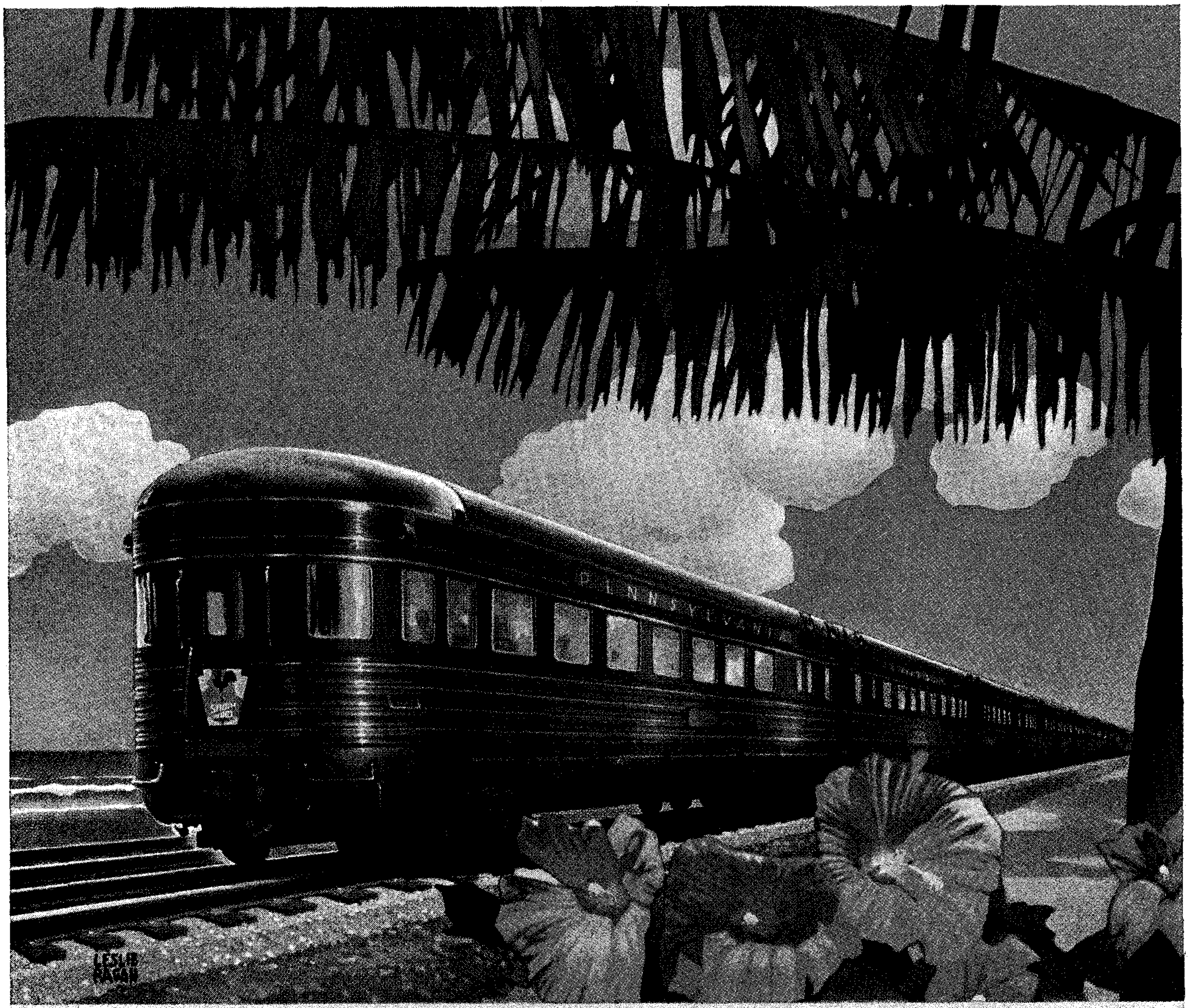
ELLSWORTH & FAIRCHILD
Streamline Ballet
STANLEY MELBA
And His Orchestra
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

the barrage had a low trajectory and almost scraped the paint off our bridge. On one ship some gunners who knew their business would hit a plane, and then, as it fell, less intelligent gun crews would start after it and follow it down, forgetting that when a plane hits the water it is at the waterline. An anti-aircraft shell travelling upward at an angle of not more than twenty degrees wounded a good friend of mine sleeping in a dugout on the side of a cliff ashore a couple of nights later.

A beach-battalion sailor came out to us on one of the first small boats from the shore. He was a big, smiling fellow whom we had brought from England on our first trip to the invasion coast, one of "those poor bastards" we had all assumed were dead. The cooks hauled him into the galley for sandwiches and coffee, and within a couple of minutes officers as well as men were crowding about him. Nearly everybody we asked him about turned out to be alive—the commander of the beach battalion; Miller, the Army lieutenant; little Dr. Davey; Vaghi and Reich, the poker-playing ensigns; Smith, the beach battalion's veteran chief petty officer; and others whom we had got to know on the ship. They had had a rough time, the sailor said. They had lain for five hours in holes they had scooped in the sand when they went ashore, while one or two American tanks which had landed shot at pillboxes and the pillboxes shot back. Then some infantrymen who had landed in small boats at H Hour worked their way up the beach and took the German positions, releasing our friends from the position in which they were pinned down. They were living on the side of a hill now and getting on with their work of organizing traffic between ship and shore. It was very pleasant news for us aboard the landing craft. We worked all night unloading soldiers, but the Coastguard crew didn't mind; they were in a good mood.

EARLY the next day, D-plus-three, I thumbed a ride ashore to go visiting. I hailed a passing assault craft, a rocket-firing speedboat, which took me part of the way and then transferred me to an LCVP that was headed inshore. The LCVP ran up onto the beach, dropped her bow ramp, and I walked onto French soil without even wetting my feet. This was the moment I had looked forward to for four years minus nine days, since the day I had crossed the Spanish frontier at Irún after the fall of France. Then the words of de Gaulle—"France has lost a battle but not the war"—were ringing in my ears, for I had just heard his first radio speech from London, but I had not dared hope that the wheel would turn almost full circle so soon. There was the noise of cannonading a couple of miles or so beyond the cliffs, where the First Division was pushing on from the fingerhold it had made good on D Day, but on the beach everything was calm. Troops and sailors of the amphibious forces had cleared away much of the wreckage, so that landing craft coming in would not foul their hulls or anchor chains; metal road strips led up from the water's edge to the road parallel with the shore. Men were going about their work as if there were no enemy within a hundred miles, and this was understandable, because no German planes ever arrived to molest them as they unloaded vehicles and munitions for the troops up ahead. To men who had been in other campaigns, when a solitary jeep couldn't pass down a road without three Messerschmitts' having a pass at it, this lack of interference seemed eerie, but it was true all the same. During the first week after the invasion began, I didn't see one German plane by daylight. Almost in front of me, as I stepped off the boat, were the ruins of the concrete blockhouse that had fired at us as we ran in on D Day. The concrete had been masked by a simulated house, but the disguise had been shot away and the place gaped white and roofless. I had more a sense of coming home to the United States Army than to France, for the first M.P. of whom I inquired the way to the command post of the beach battalion said he didn't know. This is S.O.P., or standard operating procedure, because a soldier figures that if he tells you he knows, he will, at best, have trouble directing you, and if the directions turn out to be wrong you may come back and complain. He has nothing to lose by denying knowledge.

I walked along the beach and met a beach-battalion sailor. He was equally unknowledgeable until I convinced him that I was a friend of the commander. Then he led me two hundred yards up a cliff to the place I had asked about. The



The Pennsylvania Railroad's South Wind, Florida bound

Trains for the Modern World

The South Wind carries the proud colors of the Pennsylvania Railroad in service between Chicago and Florida. Designed in cooperation with the Pennsylvania engineering staff and built of stainless steel by Budd, this popular train made its maiden run in January 1940. With all seats reserved, it was booked to capacity far in advance. Streaking through the heart of the South, it established a new type of swift, comfortable transportation between the Florida Coast and the mid-Western metropolis.

Like all Budd-built stainless steel trains, the South Wind is truly modern. Seats are luxurious, appointments attractive. Dining and observation cars are capacious and beautifully furnished.

During the war emergency, the South Wind has contributed to the resources of this great railroad, used so effectively in the national interest. At the same time it is a working promise of what rail travel in the future will be.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA • DETROIT

Originators of ALLSTEEL* *auto bodies, stainless steel lightweight trains and highway truck trailers. Designers and makers of airplane and marine structures. Inventors of the* SHOTWELD* *system of fabricating hi-tensile steel.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Budd

"My beer is RHEINGOLD — the DRY beer!"
says JANE HOUSE,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837-IN NEW YORK 1855

It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

Rheingold, the DRY beer, is not sweet, not bitter. It has a clean, real-beer flavor. *It's beer as beer should taste!*

So it's not surprising that in 1943, as in 1942, more than *twice* as many New Yorkers switched to Rheingold as to any other New York beer.

Try Rheingold. On tap and in quart and 12-oz. bottles all over town.

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commander was not there, but a Lieutenant Commander Watts and a Lieutenant Reardon, both New Yorkers, were. They had gone ashore on another landing craft, but I had met them both while we were in port in Britain awaiting sailing orders. They had landed five hundred yards up the beach from us and had, of course, got the same reception we got. The command post was installed in a row of burrows in the face of the cliff from which the Germans had fired down on the incoming boats and the beach on D Day; now it was we who overlooked the beach. In the side of another cliff, which was almost at a right angle to this one, the Germans had had two sunken concrete pillboxes enfilading the beach, and I realized that the crossfire had centred on our landing craft and the others nearby. Meeting these men reminded me of what a First Division soldier had said to me a few days earlier about "Candide," which he was reading in the Armed Forces edition: "Voltaire used the same gag too often. The characters are always getting killed and then turning out not to have been killed at all, and they tell their friends what happened to them in the meantime." Watts said that after they had left their landing craft, they had run forward like hell and then had thrown themselves down on the beach because there was nothing else to do. The forepart of the beach was covered with large, round pebbles about the size, I imagine, of the one David used on Goliath, and when the German machine-gun bullets skittered among them the stones became a secondary form of ammunition themselves and went flying among the men. "We had infantry up ahead of us, but at first they were pinned down too," Watts said. "A couple of tanks had landed and one of them knocked out a seventy-five up on the side of the hill, but in a short while the Germans either replaced it or got it going again. Then, after a couple of hours, two destroyers came and worked close in to shore, although there were plenty of mines still in there, and really plastered the pillboxes. The infantry went up the hill in the face of machine-gun fire and drove the Germans out of the trench system they had on the crown of the hill. I'll show it to you in a couple of minutes. It's a regular young Maginot Line. By nightfall we felt fairly safe. We found out later from prisoners that the Three Hundred and Fifty-second German Field Division had been holding anti-invasion exercises here the day before we attacked. They had been scheduled to go back to their barracks D Day morning, but when scouts told them about the big fleet on the way in, they decided to stay and give us a good time. They did." It wasn't until a week later, in London, that I found out that because of this untoward circumstance our beach and those on either side of it had been the toughest spots encountered in the landings, and that the losses there had not been at all typical of the operation.

I was delighted to discover Smith, the old chief petty officer, reclining in a nearby slit trench. He was looking very fit. He was forty-seven, and I had wondered how he would do in the scramble to the beach. He had not only made it but had gathered a large new repertory of anecdotes on the way. "A guy in front of me got it through the throat," Smitty said. "Another guy in front of me got it through the heart. I run on. I heard a shell coming and I threw myself face down. There was an Army colonel on one side of me, a Navy captain on the other. The shell hit. I was all right. I looked up and the captain and the colonel was gone, blown to pieces. I grabbed for my tommy gun, which I had dropped next to me. It had been twisted into a complete circle. I was disarmed, so I just laid there."

While I was listening to Smitty, Reardon, talking over a field telephone, had located the commander somewhere on top of the cliff, along the German trench system, which had been taken over by the amphibious engineers as billets. Watts and I decided to walk up and find him. We made our way along the face of the cliff, on a narrow path that led past clusters of slit trenches in which soldiers were sleeping, and got up to the crest at a point where some Negro soldiers had made their bivouac in a thicket. We followed another path through a tangled, scrubby wood. The Germans had left numbers of wooden skull-and-crossbones signs on the tree trunks. These signs said "*Achtung Minen*" and "*Attention aux Mines*." Whether they indicated that we had taken the enemy by surprise and that he had not had time to remove the signs put up for the protection of his own and civilian personnel, or whether the signs were put there for psychological purposes, like dummy guns, was a question for the engineers to determine. Watts and I took care to stay in the path.

We found the commander, who was in good form. He said he had lost only a couple of the forty-five beach-battalion men who had been on the land-

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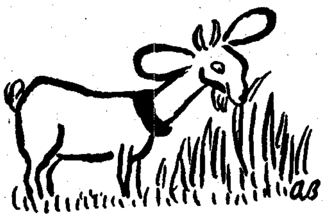
ing craft with us but that in the battalion as a whole the casualties had been fairly heavy. "Not nearly what I thought they would be when I left that boat, though," he said.

THE trench system was a fine monument to the infantrymen of the First Division who had taken it. I couldn't help thinking, as I looked it over, that the German soldiers of 1939-41 would not have been driven from it in one day, even by heroes, and the thought encouraged me. Maybe they were beginning to understand that they were beaten. There were no indications that the position had been under artillery fire and I could see only one trace of the use of a flame-thrower. As I reconstructed the action, our fellows must have climbed the hill and outflanked the position, and the Germans, rather than fight it out in their holes, had cleared out to avoid being cut off. They had probably stayed in and continued firing just as long as they still had a chance to kill without taking losses. As the French say, they had not insisted. The trenches were deep, narrow, and so convoluted that an attacking force at any point could be fired on from several directions. Important knots in the system, like the command post and mortar emplacements, were of concrete. The command post was sunk at least twenty-five feet into the ground and was faced with brick on the inside. The garrison had slept in underground bombproofs, with timbered ceilings and wooden floors. In one of them, probably the officers' quarters, there was rustic furniture, a magnificent French radio, and flowers, still fresh, in vases. On the walls were cheap French prints of the innocuous sort one used to see in speakeasies: the little boy and the little girl, and the coyly equivocal captions.



An engineer sergeant who showed us through the place said that the Americans had found hairnets and hairpins in this bombproof. I could imagine an *Oberstleutnant* and his mistress, perhaps the daughter of a French collaborationist, living uneventfully here and waiting for something in which the *Oberstleutnant* had unconsciously ceased to believe, something that he wished so strongly would never happen that he had convinced himself it would happen, if anywhere, on some distant part of the coast. I thought of the Frenchmen I had known in 1939, waiting in a similar mood in the Maginot Line. The sergeant, a straight-featured Jewish fellow in his late thirties, said, "Those infantrymen were like angels. I tell you, I laid there on the beach and prayed for them while they went up that hill with nothing—with bayonets and hand grenades. They did it with nothing. It was a miracle." That made me feel good, because the infantry regiment involved had long been my favorite outfit. The commander was sardonic about one thing. "You remember how I used to worry about how my men would fall into bomb holes and drown on the way in because the Air Forces had laid down such a terrific bombardment?" he asked. "Well, I defy you to find one bomb hole on this whole beach for a mile each way."

The commander and Watts accompanied me back to the shore. On the way, we stopped at a field hospital that had been set up under canvas. There I talked to some Italian prisoners who were digging shelter trenches. They were fine, rugged specimens, as they should have been, because since the Italian surrender they had undoubtedly had plenty of exercise swinging pickaxes for the Todt organization. Their regiment of bridge-building engineers had been disarmed by the Germans in Greece and the men had been given the choice of enrolling in Fascist combat units or in labor service, they told me. They had all chosen labor service. They seemed to expect to be commended for their choice. They had built many of the trenches in the district. "We wouldn't fight for Hitler," they assured me. I thought that the point had been pretty well proved. Now they were digging for us. They said that all Germans were cowards.

We went down to the shore, and the commander, who, being beachmaster, was in charge of all traffic alongshore, hailed a Duck for me. The Duck put me on an LCVP, which took me back to my ship. On the way out, I realized that I had not seen a single French civilian the entire time ashore.

WHEN I came aboard our landing craft, Long, the engineering officer, grinned at me.

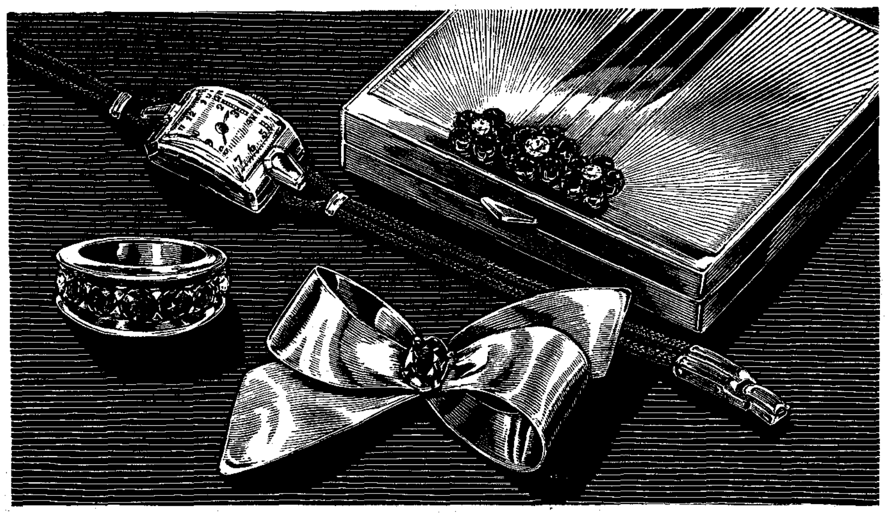
"Did you notice a slight list, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, the last two days?" he asked.

I said, "You mean the one you said must be on account of the crew's all turning over in their sleep at the same time?"

"Yes," he said. "Well, today we found an open seam down in the stern. She started to list that night the big bomb dropped next to us, but you were sleeping too sound to get up. So maybe we'll go back to port. She has no ramps, the forward anchor winch is sheered in half, and she may as well go into the yard for a couple of days."

The morning of D-plus-four, Rigg signalled the command ship for permission to put back to Britain. As soon as the signalman blinked out the message, every man on board knew there was a chance we would go back, and even fellows who had expressed a low opinion of the British port at which our flotilla had been stationed looked extremely happy. While we were waiting for an answer to our request, an LCIL that acted as a group leader, a kind of straw boss among the little ships, passed near us, and the lieutenant on her bridge ordered us over to help tow a barge of ammunition. We were to be paired with another LCIL on this job. The barge, a two-hundred-and-fifty-tonner, was loaded with TNT, and the idea was for one LCIL to make fast on each side of her and shove her in to shore. The Diesel motors of an LCIL, although they can move their craft along at a fair speed, haven't the towing power of a tug. The two LCILs bounced about in the choppy sea for quite a while as we tried to get towing lines aboard the big barge that would hold. Even after we finally got started, every now and then the lines would snap and we would bounce against the side of the barge, as we put more lines aboard her, with a crash that disquieted us, even though we had been told many times that the explosive was packed so carefully that no jouncing would possibly set it off. We were very happy when the barge grounded on the beach according to plan and we could cast off and leave her. Just before we had finished, the group leader came along again and an officer on her bridge shouted over to us through a megaphone, "Report to control-ship shuttle service!" This meant that we were going back to Britain; control ships organize cross-Channel convoys. We were not sorry to go.

By Sunday, D-plus-five, when we at last got started, the water had smoothed out so much that the Channel was like the Hyde Park Serpentine. The flat-bottomed LCIL will bounce about in the slightest sea, but today our craft moved along like a swanboat. The



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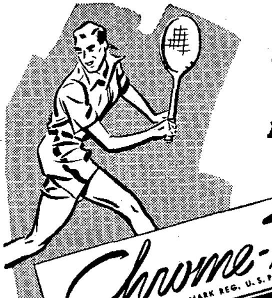

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water was full of ration cartons, life jackets, and shell cases, and on the way over we picked up one corpse, of a soldier wearing a life jacket, which indicated that he had *never* got ashore. Since German planes were dropping mines every night, the lookout was instructed to keep a sharp watch for suspicious objects in the water, and this was almost the only thing it was necessary to think about as we loafed along. A seaman from Florida named Hurwitz was lookout on the bow in the early morning. "Suspicious object off port bow!" he would bawl, and then "Suspicious object off starboard quarter!" Most of the suspicious objects turned out to be shell cases. Finally, Hurwitz yelled "Bridge! The water is just full of suspicious objects!"

The main interest aboard now was whether we would get to port before the pubs closed, at ten o'clock in the evening. Long was getting unheard-of speed out of his motors and it seemed that we would make the pubs easily. Then we happened upon a British LCT that was all alone and was having engine trouble. She asked us to stand by in case her motors conked out altogether. We proceeded at four knots. When the British skipper signalled to us, "Doing my utmost, can make no more," which meant that our chance of beer had gone glimmering, Rigg made a gesture that for delicacy and regard for international relations must have few parallels in naval history. He ordered a signal that may someday be in schoolbooks along with Nelson's "England expects every man to do his duty." "Never mind," he signalled the crippled LCT. "We would have been too late for pub-closing time anyway." —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

JULY 7, 1944

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

I LIKED the story about me in the Talk of the Town department in your July 1st issue, but it contains a serious flaw. You say that I am "in the process of becoming a citizen." I am pleased and proud to report that I am a citizen of the United States since March 14, 1944.

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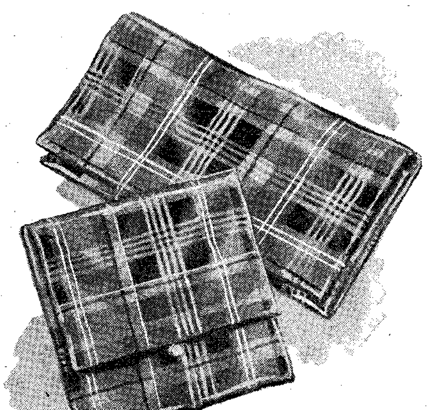
A GAME OF HALMA

I REMEMBER Vasi. When I was about fourteen and living in India, he was often at our house in Aligarh. He was a tall, slender Mohammedan with gray eyes and a fair mustache. He greatly resembled my French father in temperament as well as in appearance; both men were high-strung and talkative, and both were ardent amateur politicians. Vasi was a munshi, which is to say he served as a sort of confidential secretary to some rich man in the neighborhood. He had somehow or other become involved in a lawsuit, and our acquaintance dated from the time when he engaged my father, who was then practicing law, as defending counsel. Their odd resemblance to each other may have had something to do with drawing them together, and for a long time after his case had been won, Vasi would arrive on his bicycle to spend the afternoon talking and playing Halma with my father, who had taught him this rather simple game earlier in their acquaintance. Vasi liked Halma and played it skillfully and with visible and voluble excitement. But he was wanting in tact and quite unable to restrain his delight when he beat my father, who disliked to be beaten in anything and was incapable of accepting defeat gracefully. Whenever my father beat Vasi, the results were reversed. It was then Vasi's turn to glower and chew the ends of his mustache.

My brother and I used to watch the two men as they sat under the pipal tree in the garden with the Halma board between them and a servant standing near, fanning away the mosquitoes with a large palm-leaf fan. Vasi always wore a red fez, a formal black alpaca coat, and white trousers. When they played indoors, he would remove his shoes and leave them outside the drawing-room door. His formal apparel was in marked contrast to that of my father, who in his hours of relaxation discarded coat and necktie and thrust his feet into a pair of ancient morocco-leather slippers. Vasi usually began by being respectful, but by the time they were halfway through their first game the barriers were down and they quarrelled and argued as equals. I remember that my mother thought Vasi inclined to be insolent and disapproved of my father's lenient attitude toward him.

When they had finished several games, they would relax and a servant would bring whiskey and cigarettes. My father always took his peg, but Vasi, being a good Moslem, never drank. Both would then launch into a discussion of local affairs, of lawsuits, official intrigue, politics, philosophy, religion. They showed a baffling facility for changing sides in an argument. Thus we frequently heard Vasi, an innate seditionist, actually defending the British raj against my father's critical appraisal, while my father time and again took up the cudgels in defense of some concept which he had excoriated only the day before. They conversed in Urdu, for my father was an accomplished linguist. He was French by birth—French in his marrow, he used to say—though he had been brought up in India as an Englishman. There was, however, a perpetual conflict going on inside him, his Gallic temper at odds with his English phlegm. Whenever Vasi worsted him at Halma or in an argument, my father became very French—rude, sarcastic, brilliant, witty. When he won, he was cool, lordly, and condescending. Either way he infuriated Vasi, who, as a member of the subject race, never quite dared to lose his temper openly.

DURING the period when Vasi was much at our house we had another frequent caller, an old client of my father and, like Vasi, a Mohammedan. He often came when Vasi was there. This man was known to us simply as Nawab Sahib. He was aristocratic, a taluqdar, or landowner, with large estates and much influence in the district. Nawab Sahib was short and inclined to stoutness, and his features reminded one of a fifteenth-century Persian miniature—the eyes dark, the brown oval of his face partially concealed in a fine, pointed black beard. He possessed immense dignity, and we never saw him hurried, angered, or confused. Nawab Sahib's wardrobe was, to us children, an endless source of fascination, for in this respect he was almost like a woman. Of his many costumes I especially remem-



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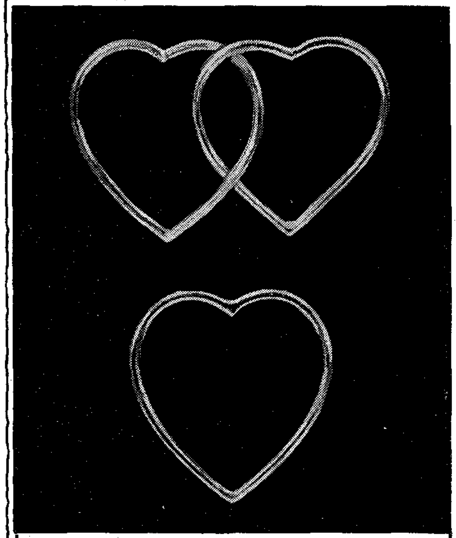

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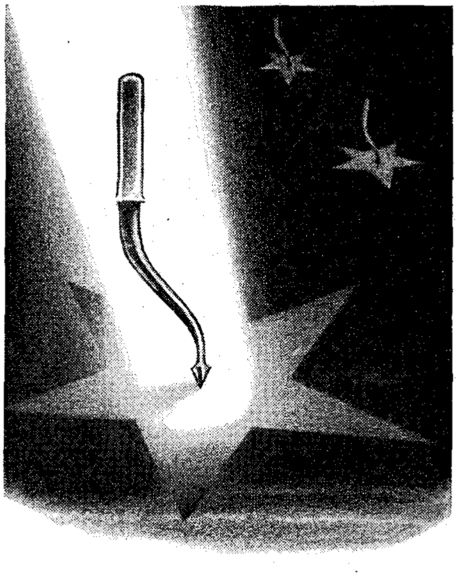

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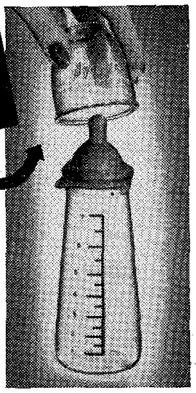

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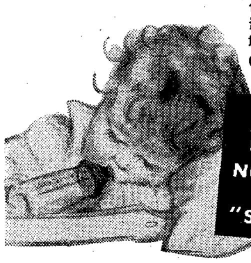

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ber two. One, which he wore in winter, was made up of a long moleskin coat cut in Moslem style, worn over a muslin shirt and voluminous Pathan breeches. With this he wore a black astrakhan cap. The other, in which he appeared in hot weather, had a coat of the same cut, made of a rich, cotton brocade, and a cap of the same material. Round his waist he always wore a leather belt fastened by a gold buckle in the form of a serpent with rubies in its eyes.

I have forgotten the details of the case which brought Nawab Sahib into conflict with the law; it had something to do with unpaid debts and the inexplicable death of one of his creditors. Nawab Sahib was reputed to be a great lover of women, and that, as we heard Vasi observe dryly to my father, is an expensive hobby in any society. The fact that he emerged from the trial with reputation unblemished was, I believe, due more to my father's skill as counsel than to the merits of the case itself or to the inherent virtues of the defendant. Notwithstanding all this, Nawab Sahib was a favorite with most English officials. They were soothed by his formality, charmed by his hospitality, and reassured by his undeviating respect for protocol. Since he rarely joined in the political discussions which took place between my father and Vasi, we never discovered just where Nawab Sahib's sympathies lay or, indeed, whether he had any. Toward my father his manner was deferential without being in the least servile, and yet I can remember one very curious thing about him: he never removed his shoes before coming into our house. It is as inevitable for an Indian to remove his shoes before entering a house as it is for a European to remove his hat. Even more curious than Nawab Sahib's little dereliction was the fact that it was allowed to pass without comment from my father, though we knew that had Vasi been guilty of such a lapse he would have been given short shrift. Looking back on it now, I wonder whether this was not Nawab Sahib's subtle little gesture of defiance toward the alien raj, even though that raj was personified in my father, who had befriended him and for whom he had a visible affection.

When the three men were there together, my father and Vasi would settle down to their Halma and Nawab Sahib would sit to one side, watching them gravely as he smoked the cigarettes which a servant always placed beside him. Sometimes he told stories about the exploits of his ancestors who invaded India in the sixth century A.D. At other times he described in detail and with the utmost seriousness the vagaries of a long line of family ghosts. No one dreamed of challenging his veracity, and once he started to talk, in his soft, persuasive voice, he had the field to himself. My brother and I infinitely preferred Nawab Sahib's monologue, with its accounts of rape, loot, battle, and the rest of it, to the endless political and sociological tirades of the two others.

ALL one summer, while the hot wind beat against closed doors, and all the following winter, under the pipal tree in the garden, the three men sat together, resolving, each in his own fashion, the interminable affairs of the universe. There seemed then, to us children, no reason why those conversations, those daily contests over the Halma board, should not continue for ever. But one day, toward the end of that winter, the players played their last game. My father was lying back in his long chair, his legs stretched out on its arms, his red slippers dangling from his toes. Vasi sat opposite, brooding over the Halma board with its array of victorious and defeated men. He had won the final game of the afternoon and there was a jubilant glint in his eye. Nearby sat Nawab Sahib, a neat, erect

TO OUR READERS

The New Yorker is now accepting subscriptions for its Overseas Edition, which the Army and Navy have recently been distributing in limited quantities to men in the services. The Overseas Edition is printed on lightweight paper and is a miniature of the regular edition, the page size being reduced to about six by nine inches and the number of pages to twenty-eight. It contains most of the text and pictures of the regular edition but no advertisements. It is sent by first-class mail. A subscription may be entered for anyone with an Army Post Office or Fleet Post Office address. Subscriptions cannot be accepted for addresses within the United States or for prisoners of war. The rate is $4 a year. The Overseas Edition may be sent to men in the armed forces of the other Allied Nations for $5 a year. If a subscription is discontinued, *The New Yorker* will make a refund for the unexpired portion. A subscriber who returns to this country may either take this refund or, paper supply permitting, switch to the regular edition.

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 43rd Street
New York 18, N. Y.

figure in his moleskin coat, a cigarette between his plump brown fingers.

Vasi laughed suddenly. "It is like life—your move, my move, my move, your move! Now triumph, now defeat—wah!"

"Visions, visions," murmured Nawab Sahib with an indulgent smile. "Life is not in the least like a game. Now, when Ala-ud-din marched on the fortress of Chitor in 1302—"

"The Rajputs gave him a damn good run for his money," interrupted my father ill-naturedly. He was still smarting from his own defeat at Vasi's hands.

Vasi laughed again. "Dogs in the manger, those Rajputs. They committed *jauhar*, immolating their women, then rushing out themselves to perish on the conqueror's sword."

"A form of chivalry, nevertheless," said my father acidly.

"Chivalry, pah!" Vasi was carried away by excitement. "I tell *you* chivalry has lost its exponents more battles than it ever won for them. Chivalry is the curse of Europe. It nearly lost *you* the last war!"

"It will not, however, lose *you* anything!" snapped my father. Nawab Sahib remained silent as the pair glared at each other.

"Had I been chivalrous," said Vasi at last and with incredible rashness, "I would have let you win that game."

My father's eyes became incandescent. "You imply that I could have won it by no other means?"

The other smiled, and my father tightened like a spring. "You . . . !"

Vasi's smile vanished. He jumped up, knocking over the Halma board. "No names, Sahib!"

"Then get out!"

Vasi turned and marched toward the door. He had not gone three paces before my father, plucking a slipper from his foot, hurled it after the retreating figure. It struck Vasi squarely between the shoulders and for a full minute he stood as though transfixed. Then he turned, picked up the slipper, and carried it back to where my father sat. In silence, and with an indescribable air, he hung the slipper on my father's foot. Then he turned once again and walked across the room and out through the door, never to return.

Nawab Sahib, whose cigarette had gone out, lighted another one, and in his soft, persuasive voice, exactly as if nothing had happened, he took up the thread of his story at the point where it had been interrupted.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 9 (BY CABLE)

LONDONERS, who hadn't been called Southern English since about the time of King Canute, felt better-tempered after the Prime Minister's statement on the flying bomb had made it all right to call them Londoners again. The censorship rulings, which, ever since the robots started, had made it necessary for press accounts to imply that they had fallen into a complete vacuum, infuriated the already angered people who knew that they had fallen in their streets and who wanted the credit for it. Now Londoners feel that they can put in their places not only those pushing people in the real Southern England who have been inclined to think that London wasn't getting half such a warm time as they were but also those Northerners who kept on writing down anxiously to ask if they were in ashes. The real answer, which should disappoint Dr. Goebbels, is that London is having no picnic but that it isn't in ashes, either. The city is uncomfortable and harassed but doggedly getting its first wind. It is also as garrulous as a village suddenly plagued with some peculiar flying pest. In the un-British flow of matey chat that is always set off by danger, total strangers gossip like neighbors on a country green about how many of "those things" have buzzed over their rooftops, what the bombs have damaged, how to deal with them, and so on. At the moment, everybody's inevitable flying-bomb story is by no means the least trying feature of the new development. People are adapting themselves with courage and humor to being under fire again, but the courage and humor are three years older and wearier than they were.

ALREADY life is settling down to a recognizable routine, punctuated day as well as night by sirens. Nobody bothers much about the daytime ones, unless the sound of a robot can also be heard. In many big offices, stores, and other public places there are independent warning systems, which do not go off until a bomb is almost overhead—a time-saver that enables one to keep on quietly working or shopping until the roof-spotters think it's advisable for one to duck under cover. Under cover is usually away from glass, which has been causing a great many eye injuries. Restaurants with skylights and charming mirror-glass decorations aren't so popular as they were a while back.

The behavior of crowds is nonchalant to the point of idiocy, official warnings notwithstanding. Housewives standing in queues with their baskets glance up, when they hear a robot coming, with no more than the uneasy expression of a woman who has just discovered a wasp in the room. (A flying bomb, as it passes overhead, makes a loud, harsh roar which convinces you that the beastly thing has roosted on your chimneypot.) When it finally goes off, farther away than anybody expected, there is, of course, a general sigh of relief. The women in the queues once more give their attention to kippers or cherries, errand boys whistle, and the traffic seems to move forward more buoyantly.

PEOPLE fancy that there is a definite rhythm to the bombardments—which appear to warm up at certain hours and slacken off at others—and that there are definite paths along which the robots cross the coast. Be that as it may, the daily round of life here tends to be jerky and subject to unpredictable interruptions. Theatres and cinemas, which have gamely decided to keep open, are naturally hard hit. Several well-established shows have folded in the past few days. The little Windmill Theatre girl show, however, is still proudly advertising its 1941 slogan, "We never closed." Hardy souls who take in a cinema are apt to feel like moving over and talking to the gentleman fifty-seven seats away for company. Restaurants don't seem so badly affected. After all, people with work to do must eat, but at night most sensible Londoners—at least, those who don't go to shelters—stay home. Incidentally, citizens still cling to the early blitz habits and leap automatically, when the sirens sound, to adjust a bad blackout, in case "those chaps up there" notice it.

The cockles of Cockney hearts have been thoroughly warmed by the help that Americans are giving in the new ordeal. This time they feel that it isn't only supplies and encouragement coming across an ocean, it's American arms and shovels getting to work right here to dig them and their friends up out of the wreckage of their homes. A family feeling is promoted, as only the queer, uncomfortable bond of being bombed together can promote it.

Everybody is glad that mothers and children are being encouraged to leave town, for there's no easy, optimistic feeling that things are likely to get better quickly. Mr. Churchill's advice to the civilian army to get on with its job and keep its head well down is nevertheless being cheerfully followed. At the same time, people are trying to digest the Prime Minister's warning that the shape of things to come may easily be heavier, faster, and a lot more unpleasant. But whatever else happens, bad haters though Britons are, the flying bomb seems certain to harden British hearts on the question of the postwar treatment of Germany. Londoners make jokes about what they call the doodlebugs; after an assault, they get up from the pavement, dust their knees, straighten their hats, and move off with the slightly embarrassed smile of someone who has been caught leaping for dear life from a mad bull, but there is a look in their eyes which would make any bull or any German thoughtful. It's a safe bet that they won't forget the flying bomb when it comes to the payoff.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Occasionally some one will subscribe for the Nugget, and in three or four weeks write us that they have never received but one copy, and some will say they have never received any, and if we are not going to send it, to send their money back. We all make mistakes and they should let us know when they miss the first copy, and not wait 3 or 4 weeks and then write us an insulting letter like we were trying to beat them out of their money. I don't know but what they have been getting their paper all the time and are trying to beat us.—*Dahlonega* (*Ga.*) *Nugget.*

Just *exactly* what we were thinking. The dirty skunks!

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From House Beautiful*]

If you have attended, in the last three or four years, the openings of exhibition rooms done by leading department stores and decorating shops, you will have heard again and again, "Oh, isn't this room fun!" Or "How delightful!" followed by tinkles of gay laughter. Or "Aren't they wonderfully original!"

If you looked at the faces making these remarks, you saw pleasure and approval. And if you looked at the room eliciting all this approbation, perhaps you, too, were pleased, and smiled. Then again, you may merely have been puzzled, because it didn't fit your conception of what a room ought to be.

Regardless of your reaction, an increasing number of Americans are dropping "How impressive!" as a term of approval and are saying "What fun!" To learn about this new taste, read the next four pages.

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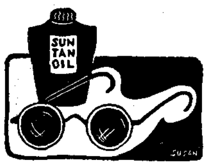


ONE of the lesser mysteries of the times is why many experts, deprived of the best materials, get discouraged and do a bad job with inferior materials. Some bartenders, gloomy about the gin you have to put up with nowadays, compound the gloom by neglecting to make Martinis dry and cold. And too many manufacturers, portentously quoting O.P.A. regulations and yammering about the difficulty of getting superb fabrics, are turning out clothes that are skimpy and tackily constructed. A survey of the shops has turned up some pleasing exceptions, however, and exceptions are what I've been looking for.

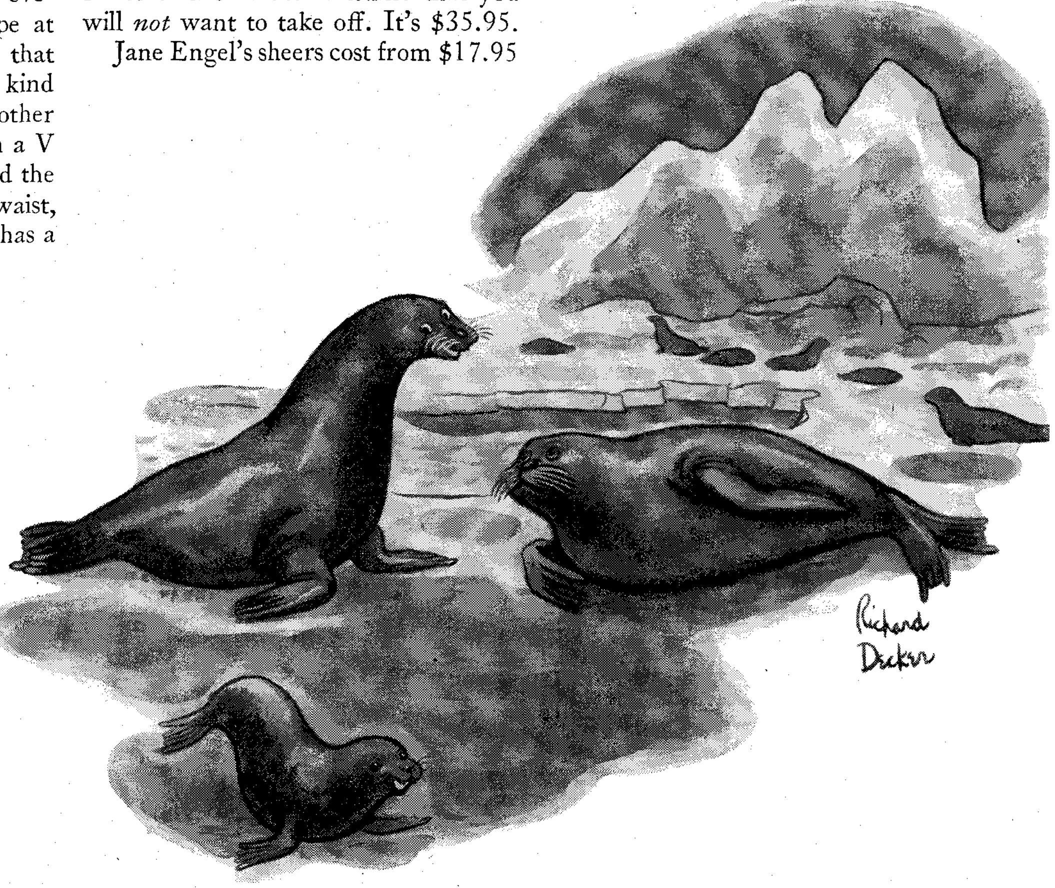
Some of the best finds, to be suddenly specific, are black sheers for the city. In the Budget Shop at Lord & Taylor, there are good, black rayon sheers, at prices that range upward from $24.95. A particular knockout is a simple cocktail or dinner dress with padded cap sleeves, a rayon satin fold outlining the low, oval décolletage, and a tailored satin belt that ends in a huge bustle bow. This is $29.95, and there is a long evening version in nubbly sheer crêpe at $35. Both have a custom look that makes the average affair of this kind seem pallid indeed. Among the other offerings are a daytime sheer with a V neck and a rayon satin band around the chest and another band, below the waist, to give a swathed-hip effect. This has a slightly flaring skirt. There is also a round-necked sheer with shirring on one shoulder and satin buttons strewn diagonally across the top of the other from back to front; a side-draped skirt caught up on one hip with a satin bow completes this. Pretty? All are $24.95.

Bloomingdale's Green Room, which is not to be confused with the Edison Hotel's, has black dresses in rayon tissue faille (a very convincing reminder of the flat crêpes of old) or in rayon sheer, all of them unusual because they have wrist-length sleeves. A lot of women don't like short sleeves, but any yearning they may have for long ones in summer dresses has heretofore been generally ignored. The tissue failles include a one-piece number with a surplice bodice, a skirt draped up one side, and sleeves which tie in a bow at the wrists. The rayon sheers include tailored dresses with waistbands and turnover collars of rayon satin, and dressier ones with the shirring at each side of the long torso ending in clusters of small bows. All the dresses are $39.95. Here, too, are some black rayon satin tailored suits, absolutely plain, with gored skirts and short, fitted jackets, for women—and I can't blame them—who like a sleek, slippery look no matter what the temperature. They are $49.95.

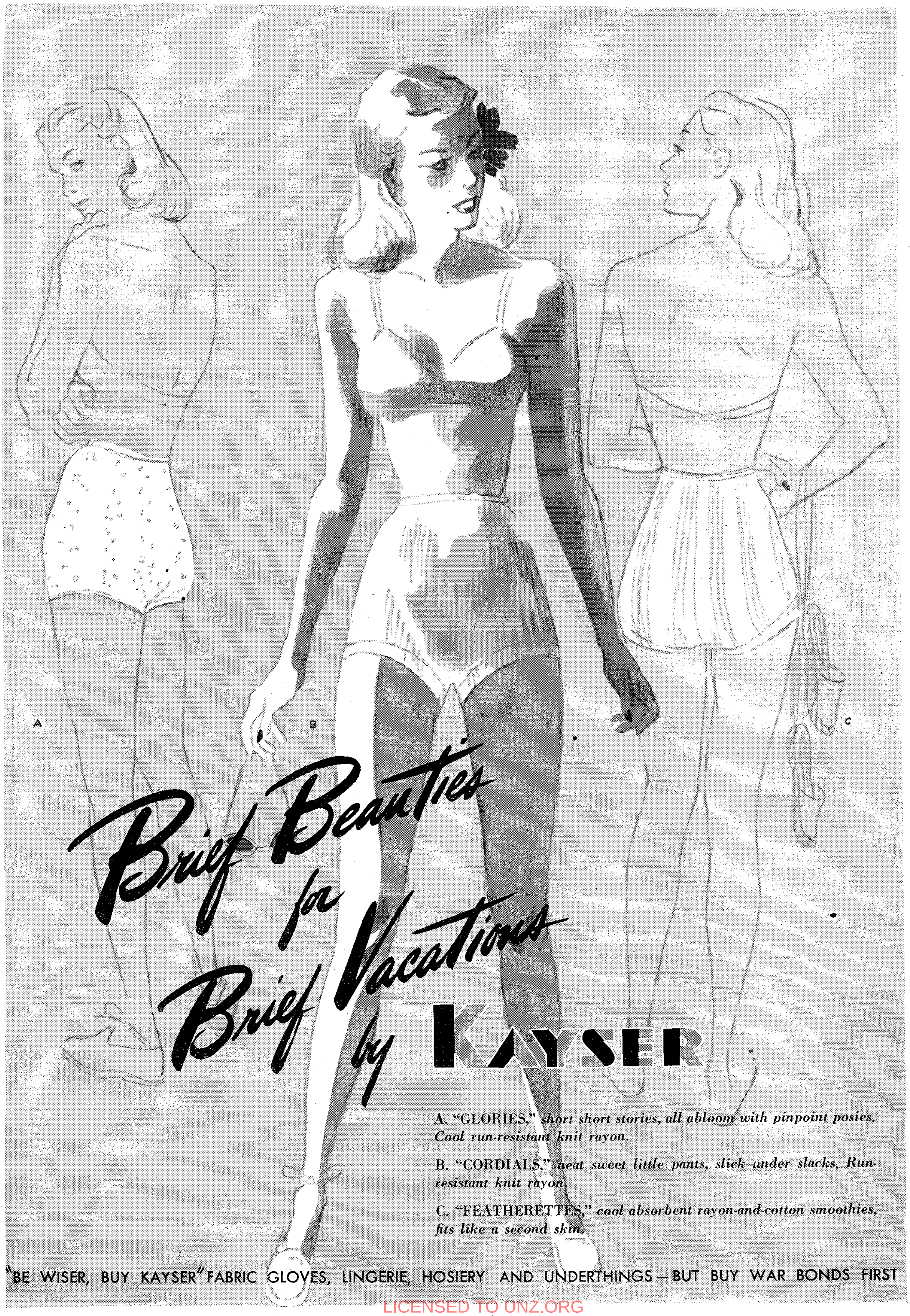
At De Pinna, the junior department (which harbors sizes nine to seventeen in styles suitable for small women) has a couple of jabot dresses in black rayon sheer—one with lace edging that runs diagonally down the front from a draped, square neck to the hem ($19.95) and another with a wide ruffle of self material heading straight down one side from a high, round neck ($29.95). In the misses' department, which has sizes twelve to twenty, there is a nice two-piece job in the same material with a fitted overblouse, wide folds forming cool, squared-off sleeves, and a bunch of fabric daisies at the waistline that you will *not* want to take off. It's $35.95.

Jane Engel's sheers cost from $17.95 to $35. One of the dresses at the lowest price especially caught my eye—rayon satin bows on the shoulders, fullness down the centre of the skirt, and a V neck. Then there are tailored two-piece affairs with long, fullish tunic tops and gored skirts which are more generously cut than those you usually find. You won't be making any mistake, either, if you look at a one-piece dress with a top made of a black-and-white-striped rayon jersey. With this goes a plain black skirt with a high waistband and a narrow, patent-leather belt. Engel's fairly new Teen Age Shop (her address, before I forget, is 1025 Madison Avenue, at 79th) is full of good ingénue summer evening dresses. There are bouffant cottons, with fitted bodices and frills around the décolletages, at $19.95 to $25. Besides, there's a lovely red-and-white plaid gingham, and there's also a traditional red-and-white dotted swiss with wide frills over the shoulders. Innocent rosebud-sprigged dimities are around, too. Ah, me, is what I say.

FOR clothes to double in town and country, Jay Thorpe has nice pastel suits in that spun rayon which resembles



"He's going to make some lucky woman a fine fur coat."


Brief Beauties for Brief Vacations by KAYSER
A
B
C

A. "GLORIES," *short short stories, all abloom with pinpoint posies. Cool run-resistant knit rayon.*

B. "CORDIALS," *neat sweet little pants, slick under slacks. Run-resistant knit rayon.*

C. "FEATHERETTES," *cool absorbent rayon-and-cotton smoothies, fits like a second skin.*

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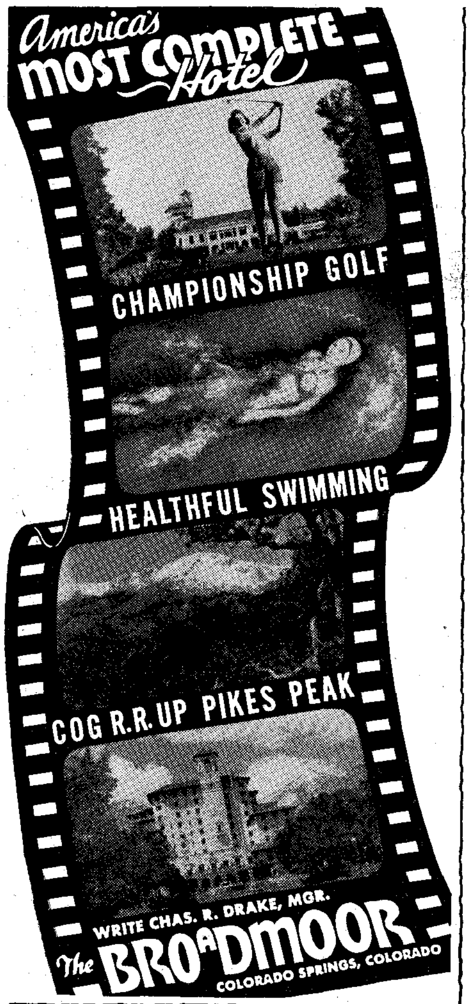

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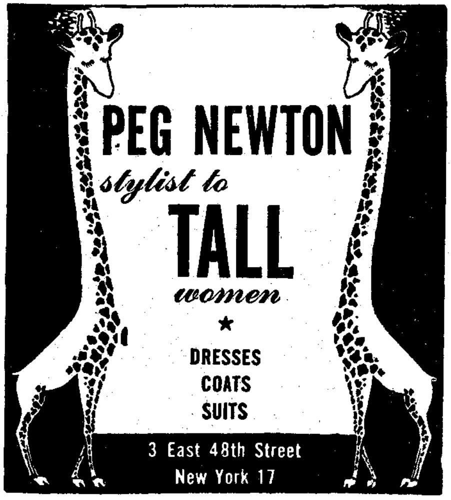

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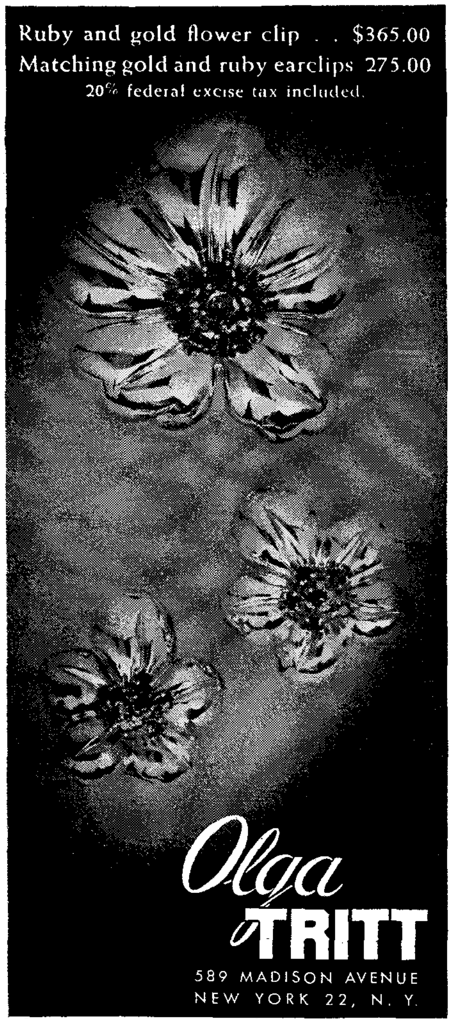
linen. The jackets have short sleeves and are either cut on one-button lines or have set-in belts and flat peplums below; $19.95 either way. The shop has rayon shantung blouses, in tropical-bird and foliage patterns on grounds matching the colors of the suits, to go with them. You will see, too, nice navy-blue dresses in seersucker, with wide, ruffled armholes, tailored collars, and pearl buttons down the front. Seersucker that doesn't look housewifely in town is hard to find, but these samples get by.

Back to the informal countryside. The India Arts and Crafts Shop, at 14 East 56th Street, has beautiful India-cotton prints for the many ladies who dote on them. There are dirndl skirts, sun suits of bra tops and shorts, tailored blouses with separate skirts buttoned down one side, dressier blouses with U-shaped shirred necks, short, puffed sleeves, and slightly flaring skirts—things like that. And one-piece dresses with a variety of necklines. The prices of all these delights, which come in sizes ten to sixteen, are $8.95 to $16.95. Only young and/or slim people should wear this type of thing, I guess.

THE negligee department at Bergdorf Goodman is also commended to your humidified and torpid attention. Here are two-piece pajamas that are as good as you'll find anywhere—Kelly-green rayon faille slacks and well-tailored, long-sleeved, white rayon blouses printed with American Beauty rosebuds and leaves. One-piece dressmaker pajamas are made of peacock blue or American Beauty spun rayon and are buttoned both in front and in back, so that you can be as décolleté as you like north or south, but not simultaneously, I'm afraid. Then there is a nice arrangement that could serve as dressing gown or summer evening wrap—a rayon Roma-crêpe mandarin coat, in aqua with Chinese red embroidery and in other lively combinations. This is $16.75; the others are $30 and up. A tea gown that can double as a dress for dancing has a pink or white rayon crêpe top, with navy crêpe outlining its daring V décolletage and matching the narrow navy skirt, which has front drapery; $30. For the boudoir, or anywhere else at home, there are pebbly rayon crêpes, with matching marquisette making a froth of ruffles down the front, and a frosty-white lace house coat lined with white or pastel sheer and unexpectedly made up in tailored, double-breasted fashion. The negligee department, too, has added to its wares some wool flannel bathrobes for children from two to fourteen. The prices of $15 and $20 will seem high until you see the tailoring and feel the wool. There are both double-breasteds and wrap-arounds, all with rayon satin pipings, and they appear in navy blue or in brilliant or pastel colors.

AUCTION
SUSAN

ALL, ALL IS VANITY: Gail Gordon, whose products are at Irene Hayes' flower shop, at 273 Park Avenue (47th), has a variety of things to make you fragrant. The sachets, perfumed with a scent Gordon calls Garden Path, are heavenly. They smell floral but have a lively, wet, green-moss element that makes them unlike anything else I know of. The sachets come in a coat-hanger version (three for $4.50) or in fat pillows of rayon faille or satin, tied in a manner to make refilling them easy. Gordon also has thought up the Sleeping Beauty Bath. You pour this liquid into your evening tub, whereupon a camphory, pepperminty, medicinal smell fills your bathroom. All this is refreshing and infinitely relaxing. Then there are Gordon bath oils, among them a good gardenia, fairly sharp and unusually nice to my mind, though I am no lover of gardenia scent. The oils cost $4 for two ounces. . . . The Dermetics Salon, at 630 Fifth Avenue (51st), is a cheerful little place that will analyze your skin before prescribing the stuff you need and will also let you try a few dabs of anything before you buy it. I was rather taken by the grimly named Soil Adsorbing—a thick, pouring type of cream that will end the quest of the many women who long for an all-purpose cream. The complexion lotion is excellent, and so is the moisture-proof face powder. The newest offering is Filmtexion, a very rich and oily foundation that protects the skin from drying by sun and wind. You use it sparingly and rub it in well, and you're not supposed to apply makeup until it is absorbed in the skin. They tell me that men like it for after shaving; I only know that it leaves a woman's skin soft as can be. . . . Victor Ferrantelle, my hairdresser of the week, holds forth at 748 Fifth Avenue (57th), with a surreptitious entrance from Bergdorf Goodman so that the models needn't


Ruby and gold flower clip . . $365.00
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venture out of doors when they want their hair done. He's very high style. For Women of the World, he likes sleek up lines, such as a slanting French roll with a flat top. For the young, he prefers up-at-the-sides coiffures with a modified pageboy bob in back that barely covers the nape of the neck. Chignons, he says, should come in when the weather gets colder. You can have your hair set with water if you don't mind sitting under a dryer, or it can be set with highly scented eau de cologne and dried with a hand dryer, which is quick and is far more comfortable. Leaves you rather aromatic for a while, of course.

TOMFOOLERY: The gayest nonsense the town has seen in some time are hand-sewn felt spectacle cases at Lugene, the optician. At 604 Madison Avenue (58th) and 1058 Madison (80th). The cases are covered with an elephant or a donkey in handsome, unnatural colors. I forget just what the significance of these animals is. They're a dollar. . . . Bendel has unrationed play shoes that escape that clodhopper look by using a slender last. They have sponge-rubber platforms and hemp soles, and the canvas tops are striped or come in plain red, navy, green, or white; $8.75. . . . Georg Jensen has some bright rayon foulard umbrellas—flip enough to use as parasols—with bamboo handles and ferrules, at $7.50. . . . Bergdorf's newest stationery set has a hundred thin white single sheets and fifty envelopes—not just envelopes, either, for a map of the world is printed inside them like a lining; $3.25 without monogram. . . . If you are worrying your head over a gift for a hostess, you might like to know that Alfred Orlik, at 421 Madison Avenue (49th), still has paper cigarette holders. The ejector type is in black, royal blue, or various pastels and costs $3.50 for twenty. The traditional, unmechanized white ones are $3.95 a hundred and, at an extra charge, can be marked with initials if you like. —L. L.

•

The Family Hour today brings the vocals of Gladys Swarthout and Jack Smith and orchestra music of Al Goodman in the following program:

"With My Head in the Clouds" Berlin
"I Passed by Your Window" Bahr
"The Survey with the Fringe on Top" Rodgers

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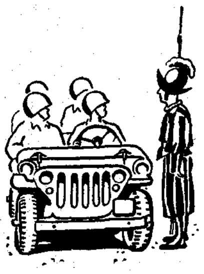
LETTER FROM ROME

JULY 7 (BY CABLE)

THE Romans, a people with a talent for historical perspective, already are beginning to discuss the German occupation as if it were something as remote as the Caesars and the Borgias. They have not yet attained complete detachment, probably because of the continuing shortage of food and housing, and their recollections are apt to include a lot of operatic talk about their own exploits during the Germans' nine-month stay. However, they are objective enough to give one a fairly clear idea of what went on here during that period.



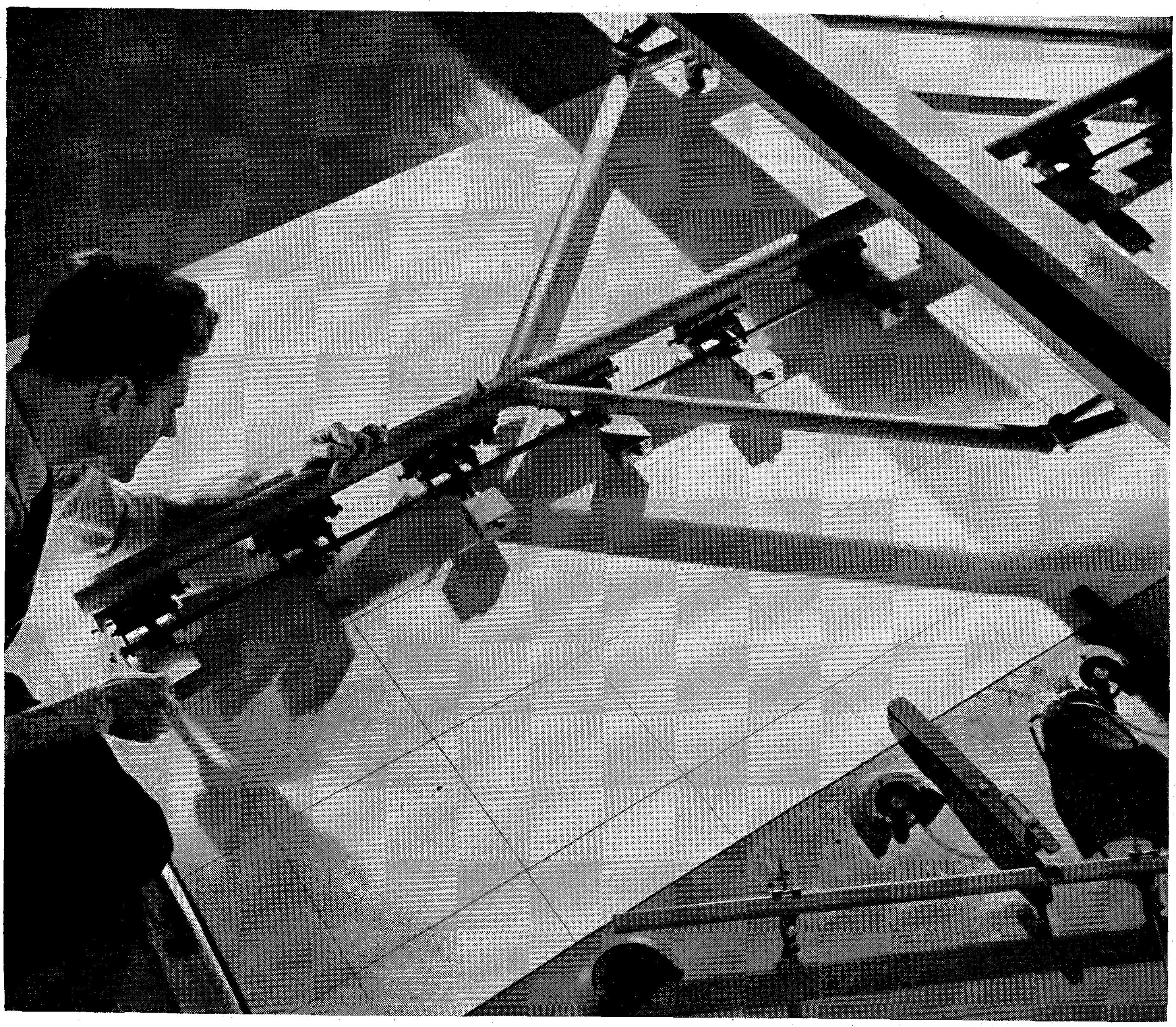
When the armistice was signed, on September 8th, the Germans had very few troops in Rome, and the Italian radio, announcing the capitulation at seven forty-five that evening, suggested, without making any specific recommendations, that any German aggression should be met with resistance. The Germans, with their usual tact, did not immediately commit any public aggression. Instead, they put their Fifth Columnists, most of them German-Italians from the Tyrol, to work inside the city. The agents moved fast. They went to all the Italian Army bureaus, where, at the point of a pistol, they disarmed the commandants, took over their offices, and dispatched orders disbanding whatever troops were under their jurisdiction. They cut telephone wires at vital points in the city, seized the radio stations, and broadcast misinformation. They posed as Italian officers and openhandedly distributed furloughs among the enlisted men. In crews of ten, armed with tommy guns, they went to Army barracks and, assuring the regiments quartered there that no aggression was intended, methodically frisked the dazed, uninstructed *soldati* for small arms and grenades. Simultaneously, an intentional or unintentional defection was occurring within high Italian Army circles. Badoglio, who had replaced Mussolini as head of the government, charged General Carboni, the Rome area commandant, with the defense of the city, and departed for southern Italy. When Carboni saw his chief getting out of town, he decided to skip, too. Other members of the Stato Maggiore followed. This wanderlust filtered down through the ranks until it reached the enlisted men. Thousands left their posts, made for their homes, and disappeared into mufti.

The Germans, with two or three divisions deployed to the north and south of Rome, were now in a position to take the city. The only opposition they encountered came from small, scattered detachments of soldiers, from civilian patriots, and from gangs of tough kids in their teens. These irregulars met the enemy at Tivoli, Monte Rotondo, Porta San Paolo, and several other towns outside Rome. They kept up their fight until the afternoon of September 10th, by which time the Reichswehr had completely surrounded the city. Kesselring then offered his terms: If opposition ceased immediately, Rome would be an open city, would not be attacked by the Germans, and would be occupied only by Italian soldiers; otherwise the city would be bombed and the water supply would be cut off. A Marshal Caviglia, who was in the city but had nothing to do officially with its defense, was pressed into service as the Italian negotiator. In the circumstances, he and other high officers thought, the German offer looked good: the wounded Italian defenders were streaming back into the city muttering "*Un finimondo*," supplies were low, and the unarmed city and its populace were at the mercy of German artillery. The Marshal accepted. A half hour later, the Germans blandly tore up another scrap of paper and moved, unopposed, into the city.

DURING the first few weeks of the occupation, the Nazis, possibly because the Allied landing at Salerno made them think that they might not be there much longer, went in for looting. They stopped civilians in the streets and took away their watches and money, they swept shops clean of cameras and jewelry. Then, in what appeared to be a conciliatory gesture, they opened the doors of the Mercati Generali, the city's main food market, near the Ostia railroad station, and invited the crowds of hungry Romans to step inside and help themselves. Mounted on the roof of a truck nearby, a Nazi newsreel crew went to work as the Italians emerged, joyously carrying cheese and sacks of flour. As soon as the cameramen had all the pictures they wanted, the laden Romans were arrested on a charge of looting. For German and other non-Italian audiences, the films were used to illustrate the essentially irresponsible Italian character, which, of course, now that the Germans were on the scene, would be reformed. For Italian audiences outside Rome, the commentary accompanying the newsreel played up German bountifulness. In Rome itself, where the film wasn't shown at all, the stunt increased the confusion among civilians and thus strengthened the German grip on the city.

By late December, the Germans, growing calmer as Allied progress in the south was stalled, decided to make an attempt to win over the Romans. The first thing they did was to flex their muscles. Over and over they showed their newsreels of Mussolini's rescue from the Allies, as proof that the Germans could do anything once they set their minds to it. Then they staged parades of heavily armed soldiers. Meanwhile, they went around reminding people of German victories and telling everybody that the Allies were not invincible. Shortly before Christmas, they started a lively whispering campaign to the effect that Churchill had said the Allies would be in Rome on Christmas and that they themselves thought Churchill was probably right. Then, at one o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Day, a hundred Allied prisoners of war were led into the Excelsior Hotel and fed a sumptuous meal. While the captured men were gorging themselves on their unexpected feast, Nazi representatives, posted outside the windows of the hotel dining room, kept saying owlishly to passers-by, "Churchill was right, wasn't he?"

The Germans even tried to appeal to the Romans' Italianism by reviving the militaristic clichés of the Fascist regime. "National Honor," "The Country's Glorious Past," "The Dignity of Italy," and "Fascist Redemption" reappeared in the press. Graziani and Mussolini, from their Republican Fascist headquarters in northern Italy, sent reassuring messages, which were prominently displayed in the newspapers. Just to show how relaxed and confident of victory they were, the Germans permitted Bruno Spampanato, the Fascist editor of *Il Messagero*, to run a letters-to-the-editor column in which nearly all the mail turned out to be anti-Fascist. Spampanato had an introvert's reaction to his disappointment; he decided to write letters to himself, letters which could be crisply and decisively answered. One synthetic reader wrote in, "Why is there freedom of the press in southern Italy and not here?" Editor: "There is freedom of the press here. Your letter was printed, was it not?" Some of his replies were less theoretical in content.



Buy War Bonds – to Have and to Hold

Bee-lines to Berlin

A straight line—really *straight*—is one of the hardest things in the world to draw. Yet thousands of mathematically straight lines are necessary to the building of a big airplane like the Boeing Flying Fortress and the B-29 Superfortress.

The master layout drawings for every part of a bomber must be made on flat sheets of lacquered steel. To insure the accuracy of the finished drawing, the metal is first scribed with intersecting reference lines like those on a gigantic sheet of graph paper. And the lines must cross each other in perfect 10-inch squares, without deviating as much as 1/100th of an inch.

Until recently this was a slow and laborious job. Draftsmen sprawled across the big tables hour after hour, ruling in reference lines with straight-edges. But the slightest miscalculation — even the expansion of metal caused by the sun's heat — might ruin their efforts. Drawing the grid lines on master layouts for the frames and bulkheads of one model alone consumed 5600 hours.

Boeing engineers determined to change the method. They built the "Grid Machine" shown above—a simple, supremely accurate device that draws a dozen parallel straight lines while you watch. It never makes a mistake. And it has already saved thousands of priceless hours between blueprint and bombing mission. Today the work is done in *less than a tenth* of the former time.

All through the Boeing plants are similar examples of ingenuity and skill applied to the task of building *more* airplanes *faster* and *more economically* — speeding the production that shortens the distance to Victory.

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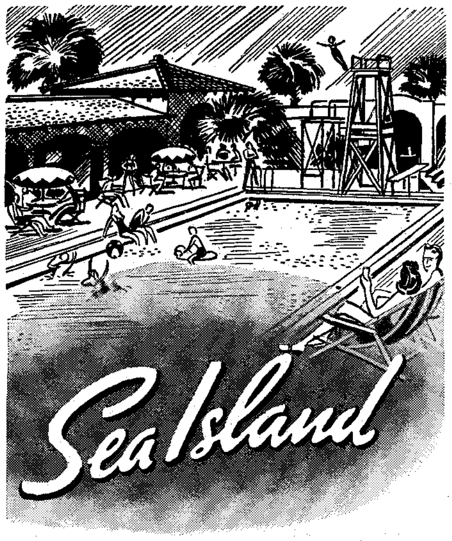
DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**



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Our employees will be given a much needed rest during this period.

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AIR-CONDITIONED
Dinner from 75c
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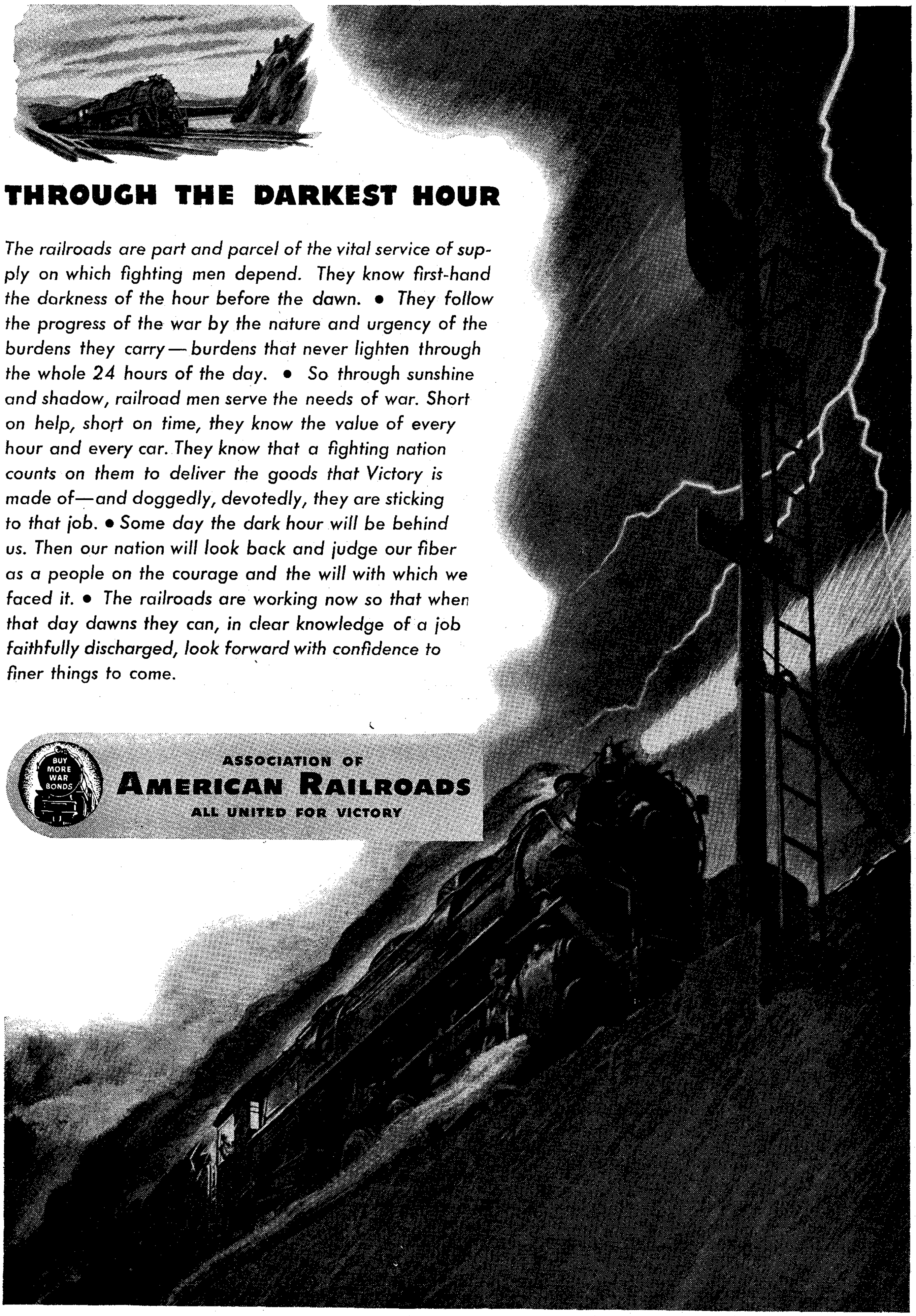
The day the damaged water pipes in the Quartiere Prenestino, a residential neighborhood, were finally repaired, he printed an exchange of letters on the subject. Reader: "Why is there no water in the Quartiere Prenestino?" Editor: "There is. All you need do is turn on the faucet." Finally, the Germans, still determined to persuade the Italians that life was again normal, opened all the movie theatres and the Royal Opera House, with Gigli as leading tenor, and put back the curfew they had imposed from six o'clock to nine-thirty.

Soon after the first of the year, the Nazis became convinced that they had sold themselves to the Romans and they began asking for what they wanted. They announced that both soldiers and workers were needed and that conscription of men between eighteen and thirty-eight was now in effect. Of course, the announcement continued amiably, everybody would voluntarily answer the call. For anyone who refused, it added, the penalty could be death. An elaborate registration system was set up and Fascist Party members were assigned to act as clerks. They had little work to do, for less than ten per cent of the prospective conscriptees showed up. Most men thenceforth concentrated on dodging the draft. Half of Rome, it has been said, hid the other half. Friends swapped apartments. Concierges were bribed to say that the newcomers were old tenants of many years' standing. People changed their names. To stop this moving around, the Germans decided to take a census and to require that everyone must stay put at the address he gave on the census blank he was handed to fill out. Everybody put down a phony name or a phony address, or both. For good measure, the Italian partisans printed up, filled out, and mailed to the census bureau over a million forms, all containing nothing but false information. After a few days of checking up on what seemed to be largely a mythical population, the Germans gave up and threw away their voluminous data.

The Nazis persevered for a while longer at trying to make friends with the Romans and at the same time to force them into the army or into labor battalions, but when the Allies landed at Anzio the Germans' ambivalence came to an end. They were undoubtedly angered by the Romans' behavior after the landing. Earlier that week, they had seen seven German divisions moving northward, and they expected the Allies to enter Rome in two or three days. On the day of the landing there were a few fist fights with Nazis and some impetuous parades, and several dozen Allied flags were unfurled over balconies. Every English dictionary in town was bought up, and bands of armed partisans moved south and occupied a number of road junctions.

After the Nazis managed to contain the beachhead, they gave their full attention once more to Rome. They began by marching long columns of prisoners of war through the streets, the theme this time being, "Here are the men you expected." They threatened a purge of "Communists." They picked up men off the streets and shipped them to Anzio and Cassino to build fortifications. When the people got the idea and began to stay off the streets, the Germans employed what the Italians call the *retata,* a tactic which consisted of suddenly roping off whole blocks, searching all the buildings in them, assembling all the people they found, and then marching off the likely looking technicians, laborers, and soldiers in the collection. When anyone complained around this time about the shortage of transportation facilities, the standard retort was "Don't worry, the S.S. will come for you soon in a nice big truck." It was in a *retata* that Colonel Montezemolo, the sixty-five-year-old head of the partisans, was picked up by German counter-espionage agents. He was taken to a torture chamber in the jail on the Via Tasso, where German police stuffed wads of cotton into his ears and set fire to them, and pulled out his nails and teeth one by one, in an effort to get information from him. Montezemolo died after he had been in the jail only a short time, having disclosed nothing.

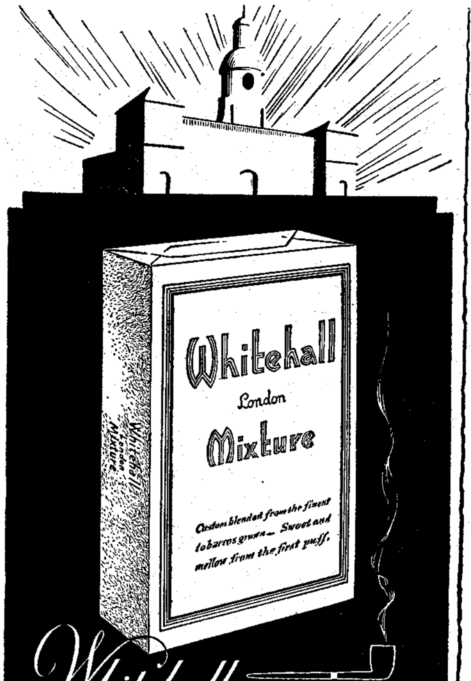
As the German defensive successes at Cassino and Anzio continued, the Nazis stepped up their activities in Rome. Mussolini sent down a man called Caruso, an ex-gangster, to act as chief of the Italian police. Himmler assigned a super-S.S. unit, the Security Defense, to the Rome area. On March 23rd, one of a group of Italians threw a bomb at a detachment of German soldiers on the Via Rasella, killing thirty-two of them. The next day, the Nazis took three hundred and twenty prisoners, ten times the number of their own dead, out of their cells and drove them off in trucks to the Viale Ardeatine,



THROUGH THE DARKEST HOUR

The railroads are part and parcel of the vital service of supply on which fighting men depend. They know first-hand the darkness of the hour before the dawn. • They follow the progress of the war by the nature and urgency of the burdens they carry — burdens that never lighten through the whole 24 hours of the day. • So through sunshine and shadow, railroad men serve the needs of war. Short on help, short on time, they know the value of every hour and every car. They know that a fighting nation counts on them to deliver the goods that Victory is made of—and doggedly, devotedly, they are sticking to that job. • Some day the dark hour will be behind us. Then our nation will look back and judge our fiber as a people on the courage and the will with which we faced it. • The railroads are working now so that when that day dawns they can, in clear knowledge of a job faithfully discharged, look forward with confidence to finer things to come.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



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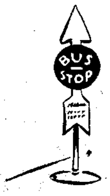
near the San Sebastiano catacombs. There the hostages were herded into a quarry and shot down by machine guns. The walls of the quarry were then blown in to make a grave for the bodies.

THREE days after Easter, Count Ottino Caracciolo, a young man who had been doing good work for the partisans' intelligence unit, was arrested as a suspect and taken to the Regina Coeli jail. The Germans asked him many questions. Was he harboring escaped Allied prisoners of war? (The night before, he had helped deliver a British prisoner of war, stricken with appendicitis, to the Policlinico, where a partisan doctor had operated on the man.) Had he been throwing nails on highways to puncture German tires? (He had helped devise the four-spiked nail the underground was using.) Caracciolo could tell by the nature of the questioning that the police had nothing specific on him, and he answered accordingly. His wife went to Major Boehm, the German chief of staff for the Rome area, and begged for his release. After six days in prison, he was set free. Before he returned to his underground work, he looked up Boehm, expressed his gratitude, and said that someday he hoped he would be able to repay the Nazi officer. As it turned out, he didn't have to wait long.

When the Allies started their big offensive in the middle of May, the Nazis relaxed their repressive measures. If things went badly to the south, they knew, hostile action by the citizens of Rome could disrupt an orderly retreat northward. The frequency of the *retate* decreased sharply. Gestapo visits to people's homes diminished. The "Communists" were suddenly considered less dangerous. General Maeltzer, the German commandant of the Rome area, went so far as to visit a residential section and hand out free rice. There were no arrests for looting this time, but the inevitable newsreel crew was on hand to record the General's charitable action. The Germans did, however, decide to arrest the partisans' chief of staff, General Oddone, and on May 20th he was taken to the Via Tasso prison. This was a strategic move, for the underground had already been hard hit by the loss of Montezemolo. There were plenty of courageous men in its ranks, but professional soldiers like Montezemolo and Oddone were scarce. The partisans knew that as the Allies approached the city, their own group might be called upon to harass the Nazis from the rear, and in this task Oddone's military experience would be invaluable. The partisan leaders worried about the problem for some time, but the only plan they could think of, storming the jail, might well have cost Oddone his life. Finally, they made up their minds to ask the Germans straight out for Oddone's freedom.

Two weeks after the arrest of the chief of staff, Caracciolo entered the German headquarters, on the Corso d'Italia, and walked into Boehm's office. Caracciolo said not long ago that Boehm was surprisingly unoccupied the afternoon he saw him, considering that the Fifth Army was just outside Rome. The partisan reminded Boehm of their last meeting and said that he was prepared to repay the German for his kindness. He had heard, he said, that General Oddone had been arrested. In his opinion, he went on, the Nazis had made a dangerous mistake. General Oddone was one of the few steadying influences inside the partisan organization. Since his arrest, a faction of hotheads were in control of the underground and had decided to shoot at the German soldiers as they retreated before the Allies. They had noted the condition of the Reichswehr units returning to the city from the southern fronts and they felt sure that if they entrenched themselves inside good, solid buildings they could carry out their plan. Only Oddone could stay their hand. Caracciolo added that he had information that Oddone, in exchange for his freedom, would pledge his word that no partisan would fire at the Nazis. Boehm asked him to wait and walked out of the room. "While he was gone," Caracciolo recalls, "I couldn't help comparing Kesselring's offer and our own. Kesselring said he wouldn't come into Rome, but he did. Oddone knew that the partisans had strict orders to do no fighting inside the city, so if he gave his word he was going to be able to keep it. I do believe our offer was the fairer of the two." Boehm returned in a few minutes with General Maeltzer, the German commandant, who questioned Caracciolo closely. Caracciolo repeated his story. The German officers listened attentively, for they knew the partisans' skill in sabotage. The underground's nails had punctured the tires of hundreds of Nazi lorries. Dozens of small bridges outside Rome had been wrecked. German engineers had spent days hiding munitions dumps beneath superb camouflage, but Allied planes had known exactly where to drop their bombs. Maeltzer's intelli-



gence reports had often mentioned the partisans' secret caches of arms and the General knew that the German troops wanted to use Rome as an escape route, not as a battlefield. When Caracciolo finished, Maeltzer considered the offer briefly, then said that he would have Oddone brought to his office later that day and that if the underground leader gave him the promise Caracciolo had outlined, he would be released. "They seemed very tired," Caracciolo recently said. "I don't suppose they'd had an easy time of it with their jobs." Before Caracciolo departed, Boehm looked at him and laughed. "Don't you worry," he said. "Someday we'll have a cell for you in the Regina Coeli, but since you've been so kind to us we'll let you listen to the B.B.C. every evening."

A ROMAN bookkeeper, like a good many other people here, claims to have seen the last little clump of Germans leaving the city. He says that among them were two soldiers, a sergeant and a private, who were leading two donkeys through the Corso Umberto at eleven o'clock at night. A twenty-millimetre machine gun was slung between the donkeys, but the soldiers, probably in too big a hurry to get away, hadn't secured the ropes well. The gun slipped off and fell to the pavement. The Germans, startled, ran into a nearby doorway—just why, the bookkeeper couldn't guess. After a few minutes they came out again and stared at the gun. They looked depressed. Presently, a *Volkswagen* roared up the street and the sergeant flagged it. He and his comrade started to hitch the donkeys to the rear of the car. The bookkeeper says that there was a long argument between the driver and the two soldiers, in which the driver obviously maintained that the animals could hardly keep pace with his machine. Finally, the two soldiers gave up, lifted the gun, threw it into the car, and got in themselves. The *Volkswagen* drove off, leaving the donkeys behind. One of them started to bray and the other just walked around in circles.

—DANIEL LANG

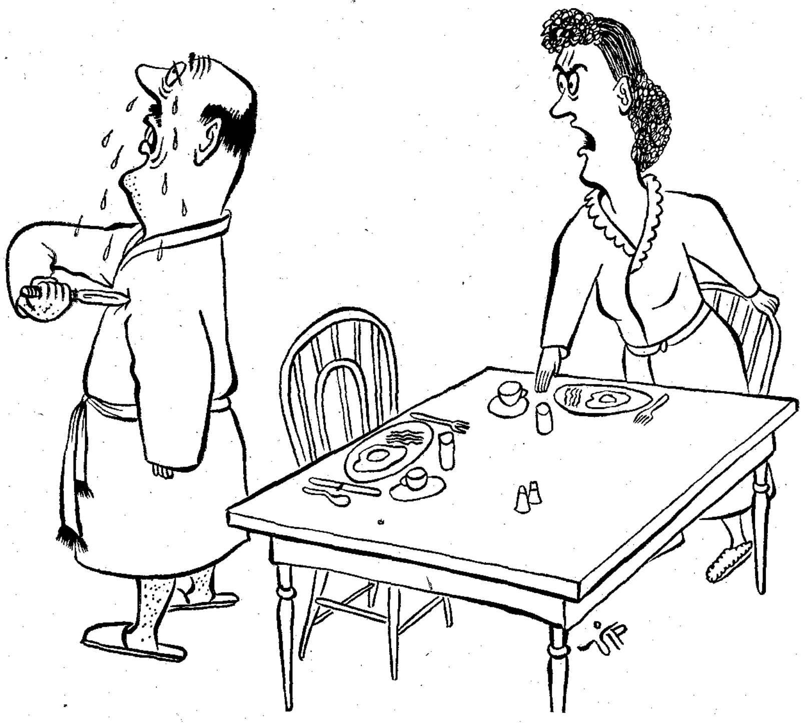
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Boston Daily Globe*]

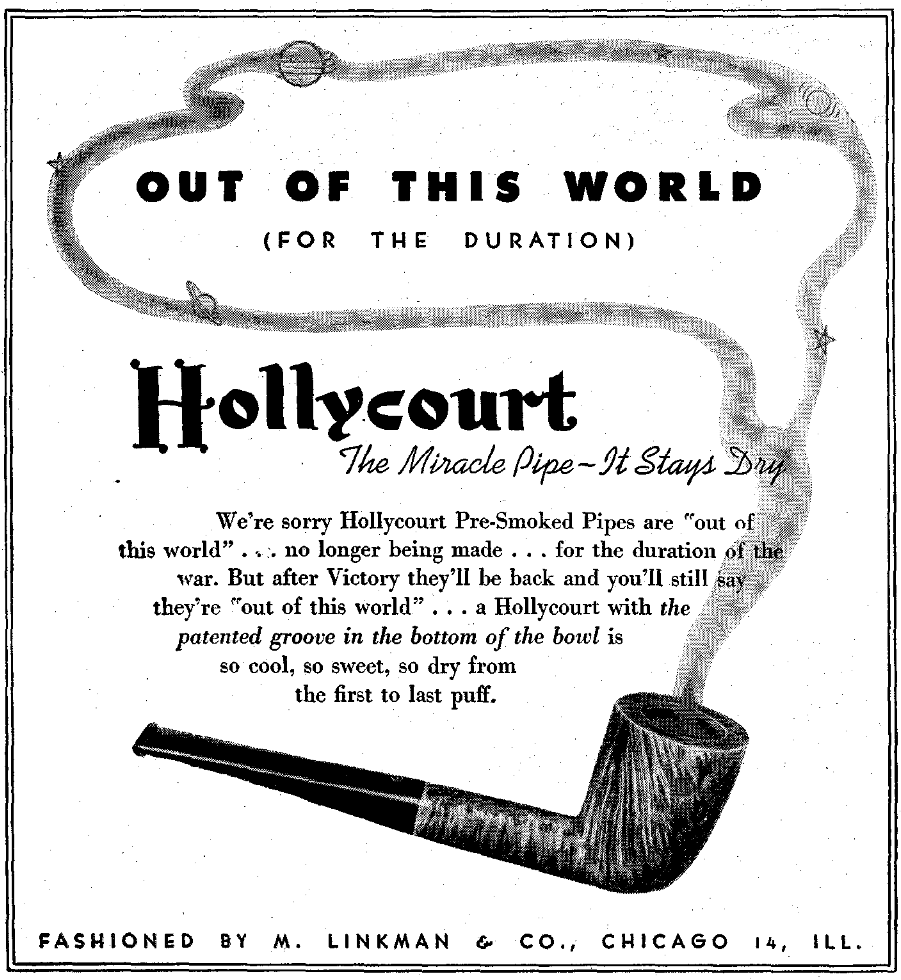
J. Russel Sprague, Republican National committeeman from New York . . . said at Chicago yesterday that various polls show Dewey is "demanded" by 60 percent of the people polled . . .

"We are here," Sprague said for himself and the New York party organization, "to draft and dominate him."



"Oh, for Pete's sake! I'll go right down and *get* Wheaties, then."

Advertisement: No dramatics, now! Just ask for America's favorite whole wheat flakes.
Signed, General Mills, Inc.



OUT OF THIS WORLD
(FOR THE DURATION)

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We're sorry Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipes are "out of this world" . . . no longer being made . . . for the duration of the war. But after Victory they'll be back and you'll still say they're "out of this world" . . . a Hollycourt with *the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl* is so cool, so sweet, so dry from the first to last puff.

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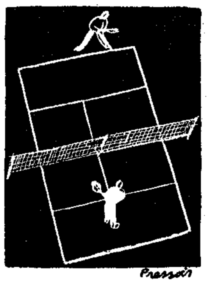
NOTES ON SPORTS

Thirty Years War

William Tatem Tilden, II, who last week appeared once more at Forest Hills, for the Red Cross matches, hasn't got any fewer opinions on tennis than he ever had. As he says himself, tennis is a sport he has been acquainted with for over thirty years now, and there isn't any reason he should have less to say on the subject than he had fifteen or twenty years ago, which was plenty. In the old days, other players could find rather clear-cut estimates of themselves in the papers whenever Tilden was interviewed, and the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the body that governs the activities of the amateurs, could usually learn what mistakes it had been making. Even before he turned professional, in 1931, Tilden began to criticize the U.S.L.T.A. for not allowing amateurs to play in tournaments or exhibitions with pros, and in this argument he has had the good fortune to become righter and righter as time has gone by. It's pretty well recognized now by everybody but the U.S.L.T.A. that amateurs would benefit from the competition that the pros could give them and that since the pros in the past few years have included by far the best drawing cards, the amateurs are doing their budget a grave injustice by not indulging in an open tournament. Tilden has seen his side grow from a minority of approximately one to a full-blown majority.



The master, who readily exposed himself to an interview one day last week, is fifty-one now, and for five years has been more or less settled in a teaching job at the Château Elysée, which he describes as the most exclusive resort in Hollywood. Recently, he has also been playing a lot of exhibitions at Army camps in southern California and environs. Not being sure how interested many of the soldiers are in tennis *per se*, he has taken the precaution of including as many beautiful girl players as possible in his troupe, as well as Errol Flynn and other movie notables.

Concerning the young players of today, and of right before the war, Tilden says, "They're too soft. They don't seem to have the old goddammit." He points out that when a man is down one set and behind one to three in the second these days, the match is over. Nobody can seem to come from behind any more. On the other hand, he heard of a match in a college tournament a couple of weeks ago in which a fellow did come from behind, and it made him just as mad. He heard about it from the fellow who lost. "He told me he was ahead five-three and thirty-love in the last set and he got tired," Tilden says. "Good God, you *can't* be ahead five-three and thirty-love in the last set and get tired. The *other* fellow gets tired." He thinks also that most young players now are badly taught. "They're told to hit like hell and go to the net," he says. "The next thing they know, they're watching the ball go by and saying, 'Good shot.' " He thinks that a good defense is the first thing to learn and that a man should never go to the net without a much better forcing shot than most fellows go to the net with nowadays.

Tilden himself is even more of a defensive player than he used to be. "I'm getting to be old Joe Stonewall," he says. He admits, too, that the biggest problem of a fifty-one-year-old tennis player is to pick the balls to run after. On grass, the surface provided at Forest Hills, an elderly player has to be even more selective than he does on the hard courts of California, because the ball bounces lower on grass and it costs a bit more to get to it. Tilden's toughest Red Cross match was against Private Frank Kovacs on the opening day, when the grass was still giving him trouble. It was tough mainly, though, because he was playing very good tennis and Kovacs, an in-and-outer, was in at the time and beat him 6–4, 6–4. —D. L.

•

Wendell Willkie is the latest "hobo" to be profiled by Miss Georgina Campbell of the Hobo News, who unearths the fact that the No. 1 Hoosier once picked wheat at $1.75 per day.—*Danton Walker in the News.*

Kernel by kernel?

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[From Screen Guide]

Greeting visitors with a potted plant in one hand is not unusual for informal Loretta. Flowers are an obsession with this actress.

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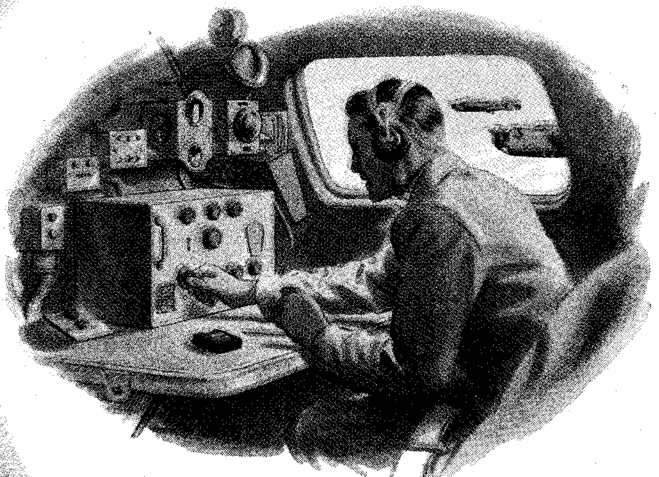
Right — for Fighting Wings

In a modern bomber there are some six dozen places where radio and electron tubes find vital use.

Many of these uses were made possible by Sylvania's development of special radio tubes. For example — there are Sylvania tubes small enough yet powerful enough to operate effectively on standard storage batteries without need of extra, weight-adding generators.

With much of our production now going into such all-important service, you can be sure of one thing about its quality.

Every unit produced is designed and built to just one standard—the highest anywhere known.



For security reasons, radio equipment actually used in fighting planes is not shown here.

Right — for Future Fliers

No one is yet prepared to say how much the availability of rugged, lightweight radio and electron tubes will hasten the coming of the safe, light family plane.

But, obviously, wartime lessons in the possible uses of such tubes hold great promise for future developments.

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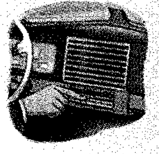

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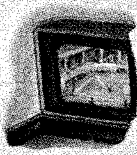

Heart of your postwar television set will be an electron tube. Such tubes are one of many types Sylvania is even now producing. Work in the field of electronics is a definite part of Sylvania's activities.

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BOOKS

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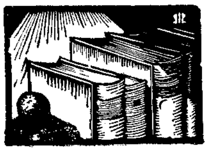


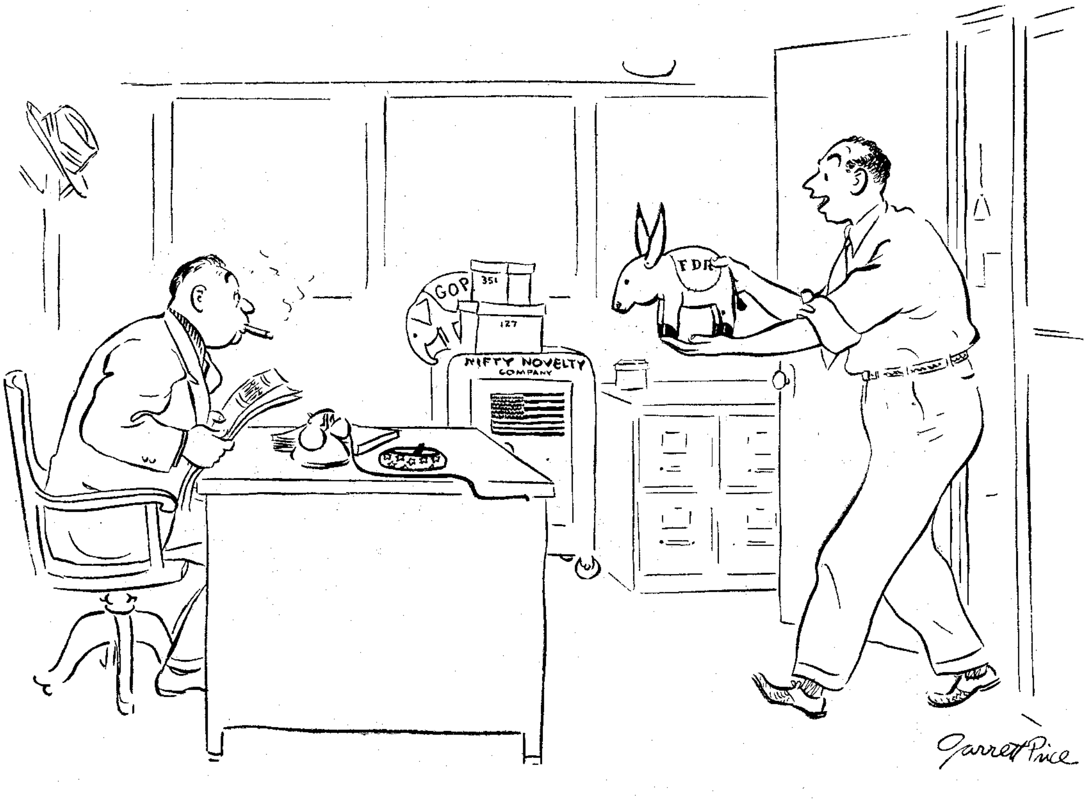
NOBODY is going to be so foolish as to argue that the novel is flourishing particularly these days, because it just isn't, but there is enough evidence around, in five books published in recent months, to suggest that those who are waiting to nail down its coffin lid might, at least for the time being, put those hammers away. The books I have in mind, all of them first novels, are Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit," John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano," Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend," Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun," and Joseph Stanley Pennell's just-published "The History of Rome Hanks." None of these is a flawless piece of fiction, or even altogether satisfactory, but all have more than an ordinary amount of merit, and one of them, Mr. Brown's little story about a platoon of American soldiers in action in Italy, is as nearly perfect an example of the short novel form as any book could be. Its perfection, actually, is its only real defect. Mr. Brown, who is a poet with classical inclinations, is such a conscious craftsman, so extremely preoccupied with form, that hardly a word or a line or a scene is out of place. This technical excellence, unfortunately, is gained at the expense of Mr. Brown's characters, who never have enough room to move around in. They are so made to conform to the demands of art rather than to the exigencies of life that they come to seem more like figures in a design than people. They are not lifeless or unconvincing, but they are confined, rather rigidly, and they have something of the same two-dimensional quality which, correctly or not, I find in the characters of "A Bell for Adano."

In the case of Mr. Hersey, however, I rather suspect that this geometric flatness derives from the fact that he wrote his book too soon after the events from which his material was drawn. He knows how to put a novel together and he is able to get hold of a character in a few sentences, but, while "A Bell for Adano" is many cuts above journalism, it shows its journalistic inspiration and in any number of places has a pronounced journalistic tone. There is light and shade in it, just as there is in Mr. Brown's book, but it has no darkness. There is none of the brooding, the sense of anguished searching, that is to be found in Miss Smith's "Strange Fruit," which has more value, perhaps, as a moving and highly informed sociological essay than as a work of fiction, or Mr. Jackson's "The Lost Weekend," a book whose worth, as a novel, is less impressive than its excellence as a study in morbid psychology.

I HAVE mentioned what seem to me to be some of the shortcomings of these books, not out of any wish to carp, but only to be able to say that, despite such failings as they may have, they add up to a rather substantial performance—enough to indicate, in any case, that the novel is still fairly alive and kicking. If any further proof is needed, it should be furnished by Mr. Pennell's "The History of Rome Hanks" (Scribner), a book which, unless I am greatly mistaken, will cause more fuss than any first novel since Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel."

One thing that is bound to happen, and I will lay bets, is that Mr. Pennell, an ex-newspaperman now in the Army, is going to be hailed, by those who go in for hailing, as another Thomas Wolfe. There will be some reason for this, because Mr. Pennell, like Wolfe, commits just about every sin known to literary man and, again like Wolfe, thinks up a few ones all his own. His book is chaotic, undisciplined, and formless, it is extravagant and sentimental, its prose is so emotionally supercharged that it often sputters all over the place, and, by and large, it will give those who appreciate novels like Mr. Brown's "A Walk in the Sun" a very bad attack of chills and fever indeed. Despite this, however, and I readily grant that it is a lot to despite, Mr. Pennell's book strikes me as being a work of unusual talent and, among other things, the best novel about the Civil War I have read, with the natural exception of "The Red Badge of Courage."

The resemblance between Mr. Pennell and Thomas Wolfe, though considerable, should not cause them to be mistaken for identical twins. It is obvious that Wolfe has been an important influence upon the younger writer, particularly the Wolfe who wrote the long short story "A Portrait of Bascom Hawke," but Mr. Pennell, who sometimes gives the impression of being no less self-hypnotized than was the author of "Look Homeward, Angel" and is as deeply gripped by an awareness of family, is doing more than



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launching upon a vast autobiographical adventure. He begins his book, simply enough, with a young man who is boasting of his Civil War ancestors to a young woman with whom he is in love. "I'm sure your grandfather must have been a fine old Southern gentleman," the young woman replies, a bored retort that causes Mr. Pennell's hero to realize that he knows little or nothing about his forebears. The rest of the book is taken up with the young man's efforts to find out everything he can about them, men and women of both the North and the South who lived and fought during the Civil War, and in putting together, out of his own memory and the memories of other living persons, the stories of their lives. Mr. Pennell makes no attempt to set things down in chronological order (his young man, for example, doesn't get himself born until practically the last page) and he is not one to balk at telling the same story twice. The result of this unorthodox procedure, contrary to what might be expected, is not unmitigated confusion but a dense, crowded, many-layered book and also a fictional method that, so far as I know, is entirely original.

There were times when I was reminded by Mr. Pennell's book of the Orson Welles movie called "Citizen Kane," in which a somewhat similar story-telling technique was used, and I was even more sharply reminded, in those sections that deal with the Civil War, of the photographs of Mathew Brady. It is these passages, in which Brady's photographs seem suddenly to come to life, that give Mr. Pennell's novel its special distinction, but no one should get the impression that it is a book about the Civil War and nothing else. It is about people, which is what novels should be about, and it is also about America: the America, in particular, of the small, lonely, half-forgotten towns of the Middle West, from the early years of the last century down to the present. Mr. Pennell, with any luck at all, ought to have a long career as a novelist and, I hope, a happy one. He should be leery, though, of anybody who urges him to walk in Thomas Wolfe's shoes. He can get places in his own. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LIEUTENANT BERTRAM, by Bodo Uhse, translated from the German by Catharine Hutter (Simon & Schuster). An inexpertly put together mosaic of stories, mainly about the Luftwaffe from the time Hitler came to power to the end of the Spanish civil war. It is hard to say who is the hero of this novel, for although the author explores the mind of the rather characterless Bertram with what is at times an exasperating thoroughness, the activities of a member of the Communist underground seem, on the whole, even more important. Herr Uhse is no writer, but the portraits of the old-style Prussian air-base commander who resents increasing Nazi interference in military matters, of the weak-kneed Bertram, of the dogmatic Communist underground worker, and of a fanatical Nazi officer have a solid reality and an odd sort of unity.

LITTLE COQUETTE, by Renée de Fontarce McCormick, translated from the French by Leander J. McCormick (Houghton Mifflin). A little-girl's-eye view of the fashionable French hunting set which operated in the environs of Chantilly just before the first World War. The girl observes what goes on around her with a rather startling clarity and the grownup Mrs. McCormick records the young lady's observations neatly and cheerfully. An extremely lifelike photograph of an extravagant society with which not many Americans are familiar.

LEBANON, by Caroline Miller (Doubleday, Doran). The author is probably to be commended because she has, achieving a patriotic economy of paper, taken her heroine through enough adventures to fill a couple of good old double-deckers in a matter of just two hundred and thirty-four pages. Lebanon Fairgale, an innocent child of nature, starts life in a Georgia backwoods cabin in the early part of the last century. She meets and falls deeply in love with a handsome, worldly gentleman who has business in those parts, but he is promised to another, so nothing comes of that except a broken heart for Lebanon. The heroine marries an elderly Frenchman, he and their only child die violent deaths; she accidentally kills a man, is condemned to death, and then is saved by the efforts of a noble minister who loves her. If you have ever held a Womrath card, you can figure out from here on how things go.

SMALL TOWN TYRANT, by Heinrich Mann (Creative Age). The novelized psychoanalysis of an intensely repulsive teacher in a small German town before the Hitler era. Although the dominant emotional force of the professor's life is a jealous hatred of his pupils, he persuades himself that it is his duty to visit a not too respectable cabaret which the boys frequent in order to save them from sin. Here he becomes infatuated with one of the singers, marries her, and uses her as a decoy to ruin his students. The author's portrait of a man whose cruel jealousy springs from a perverted sexuality would probably be approved by a good psychiatrist, but sound psychiatry may not make up to the lay reader for an essentially disagreeable story.

GRANDMOTHER AND THE COMET, by Victoria Lincoln (Farrar & Rinehart). The author of "February Hill" gives us a collection of thirty short stories, between which are agreeably strewn nearly a dozen brief poems. The first and longest tale of the volume is a charming, unforced episode of an Irish child, brought up in Spain, who, when her mother is dying, is sent to live with cousins in England. A good many of the pieces, however, even though they are illuminated by the author's infectious humor, are not only "insubstantial," as the book's subtitle disarmingly calls them, but a bit trivial. It's high time Miss Lincoln let us have a good, keen look at some of her characters instead of these little half-glimpses, diverting as they are. Eleven of the stories in the volume have appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

TRAVELER FROM TOKYO, by John Morris (Sheridan House). A simple, straightforward, factual account of mores and manners in Japan by an Englishman who went to live there in 1938 and remained for eight months after Pearl Harbor, when he was repatriated. Former Ambassador Grew, who, in a foreword, pays enthusiastic tribute to Mr. Morris's skill as an observer, might have gone even farther and said that this is as good a book on the subject as there is in English.

EAST OF MALTA, WEST OF SUEZ, by Bartimeus (Little, Brown). The official Admiralty account of the activities of the British Navy in the Mediterranean from the outbreak of the war until the conquest of Tunisia in the spring of 1943, when English command of Mussolini's one-time private lake was assured. The author,

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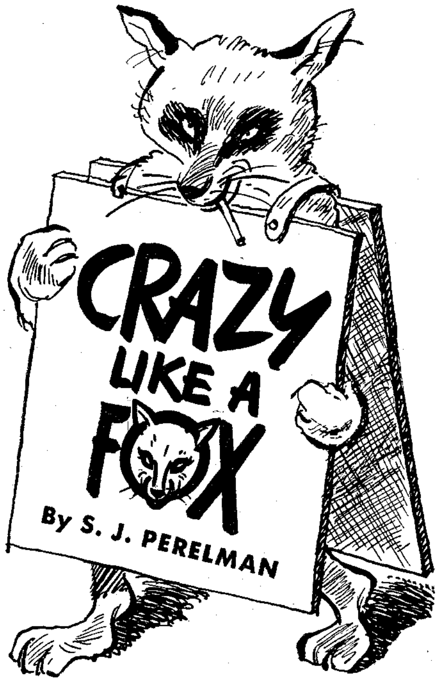

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a paymaster captain in the British Navy, writes simply, has the pleasant English habit of understatement, and tells a very dramatic story. Admiral Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham contributes the conventional foreword. Illustrations.

Argentine Diary, by Ray Josephs (Random House). Mr. Josephs, who was the Argentine correspondent for both *PM* and *Variety* until he was recently asked to leave the country, describes the coming of the Fascist movement to the second largest nation of South America. His book is many pages too long, his prose is often many degrees too fervid, and his own extreme interest in political intrigue is not likely to be shared by many of his readers. A more informed, earnest, and truth-seeking book about Argentina could hardly be asked for, however, and it should especially be read by all those who still think that our good neighbors to the south are as good and as democratic as we would like them to be.

Artist at War, by George Biddle (Viking). A war diary, accompanied by forty line drawings and sixteen gravure illustrations, by the American artist who is chairman of the War Department Art Advisory Committee. Most of Mr. Biddle's drawings are so good that it seems unfortunate they had to be accompanied by a text which, when it doesn't sound self-conscious, reminds you of any number of foreign correspondents who have reported the war.

Onwards to Victory, by Winston S. Churchill (Little, Brown). The familiar Churchillian courage, crotchets, eloquence, wit, purple patches, and Tory point of view, in sixty-five speeches, broadcasts, and messages delivered in 1943. All Mr. Churchill's admirers will want to own the book, of course, and for those who are building up a library about the war, it is practically indispensable.

Russia and the Peace, by Sir Bernard Pares (Macmillan). A rambling, diffuse, rather garrulous discussion of Russia by one of the most indefatigable students of that country. Sir Bernard, who has been shuttling back and forth between England and Russia for the past fifty years, knows his subject intimately, maintains a pleasant balance between sympathy and sanity, and has a way of putting blocks of conventional phrases together so that they read like literate prose. Those who have kept up with Russian developments, however, are not likely to come across anything new in these pages, and, while the book is a good enough introduction to Russia, the author might have written a much better one had he worked more thoroughly and on a smaller scale.

All Embarrassed, by William Steig (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). In a series of line drawings that offer random suggestions of Paul Klee, Indian picture-writing, the "automatic" drawings of the Surrealists, and sheer madness, Mr. Steig explores a hundred-odd types of "embarrassment" (he interprets the word rather loosely), from the kinds that occur in ordinary social gatherings to more esoteric varieties, such as that of the axe murderer discovered with his victim. Some are funny, a few are gruesome, a good many are extremely acute philosophically.

The Great Decision, by James T. Shotwell (Macmillan). "The argument of this book," Dr. Shotwell explains, "is that our victory over the Axis powers can be made a victory over war itself, if we bring to the support of peace the same kind of realistic strategy which we devote to war." In his analysis of "realistic strategy," which takes in such matters as the security of nations, the enforcement of peace, and the safeguards of freedom, Dr. Shotwell dwells constantly on the fact that science, which has already changed the arts of peace and is revolutionizing the technique of war, has made it impossible as well as dangerous for any nation to be isolationist, no matter how much it wants to. His conclusion, which is that the pressure of events will more or less compel the United States to become part of a world organization, will hardly startle anyone by its originality, but the structure of his argument and the lucidity of its presentation give his book an excellence that sharply separates it from most of its kind.

Petain, the Old Man of France, by Janet Flanner (Simon & Schuster). A paper-bound edition of the four-part Profile of the Marshal that appeared in this magazine. It is not only a full and often mordant portrait of the man but also, in all probability, the most compact history of the Third Republic that has yet appeared in print.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Intrigue for Empire, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday, Doran). The Axis brews another of those intricate and comprehensive schemes, this one aimed at setting up an empire in the Latin Americas. A young Mexican, recently released from a North African concentration camp, prevents the coup, in spite of his attachment for an American newspaperwoman of singular helplessness, who has accompanied him to Cuba and Mexico City. You've probably encountered this sort of story a good deal lately, but even if you're tired of it, you will have to admit that this one is very deftly constructed.

Dead Man's Float, by Amber Dean (Doubleday, Doran). A gorgeous young blonde named Bethine, who seems to be indifferent toward her husband, a salesman of dental supplies, is found drowned under a float in Lake Ogg, rather to the relief of the ladies in the other cottages at the resort. The mystery is cleared up by a middle-aged widow, a pillar of the community, after a series of mishaps of the type likely to befall ladies who hunt murderers in empty houses at night. Her family doctor, described as lovable in a grumpy way, helps out, too. Well plotted, if too sugary in spots.

Rim of the Pit, by Hake Talbot (Simon & Schuster). Irene Ogden, a middle-aged medium who can make a table hop as high as anybody in the trade, runs into trouble when her first husband materializes at a séance in her North Woods lodge and bawls her out for her handling of his estate. This leads to two murders, as well as a lot of spiritualistic monkeyshines, which are investigated by a detective named Rogan Kincaid, a skeptical man with a flair for debunking werewolves. Although this mystery hasn't the chill of an authentic horror story, it may scare you if you're the impressionable type.

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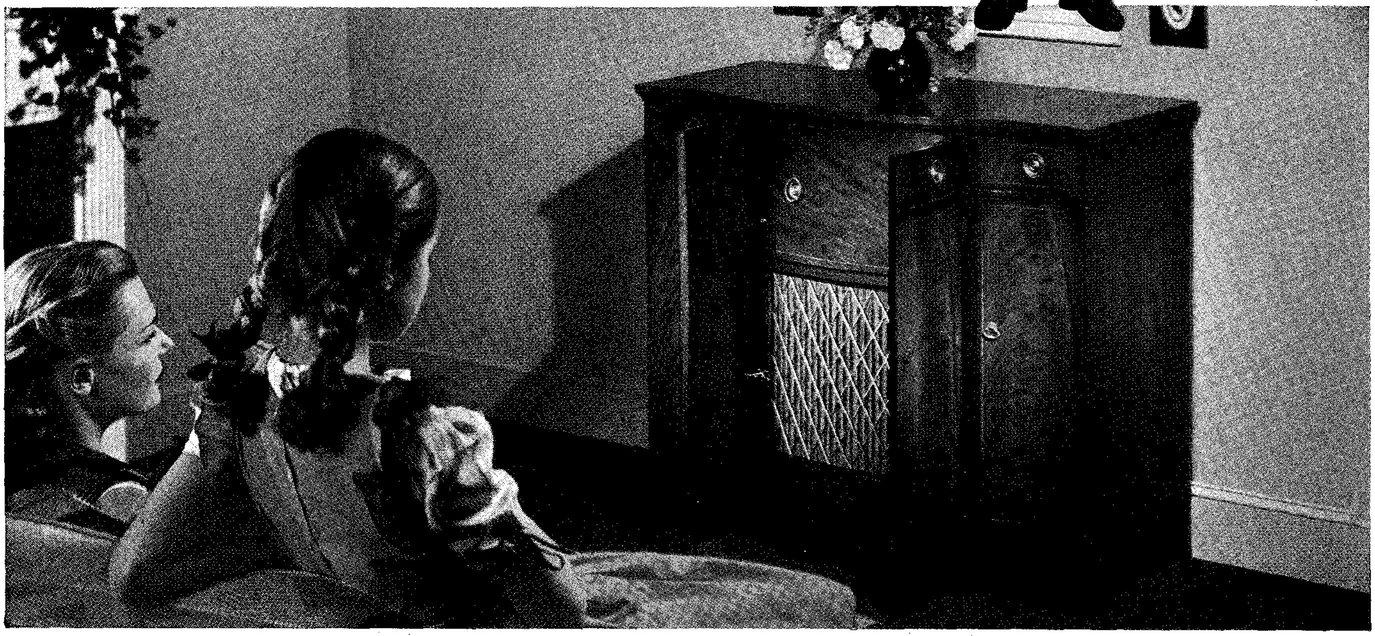

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